

SCOOP

COMICS

ISSUE
NO. 10

THE
STORY OF
THE
GREAT
MURDER





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How-Make 401 Things of Scrap!

Now make it yourself . . . construct waste into valuable things for the house, playroom, etc. Here's a simplified handicraft instructor that shows you how to easily make 401 things out of scrap. You will find hundreds of suggestions along with easy-to-follow diagrams and printed explanations that are just like A-B-C. they are so easy to follow. You will be thrilled with what you make and find pleasurable pastime in completing useful articles . . . you turn waste into profit. It's almost like finding money. No matter whether you are 6 or 60, you will find hundreds of things to make . . . **SCRAP FUN FOR EVERYONE** is crammed full of useful, helpful suggestions and ideas between its 384 pages. Really an encyclopedia of handicraft that will stimulate and delight everyone



SCRAP FUN for EVERYONE IS AROUND-THE-CLOCK PLAYROOM!

Every parent will welcome a copy of **SCRAP FUN FOR EVERYONE** in the home . . . it's an all-around the clock playroom for every member of the family. Imagine gathered around the table with scrap and things that seemed useless and in 'jig-time' making something that is cute and useful . . . imagine making it with your own hands and at practically no cost. Just the thing for the kiddies when they can't be outdoors in stormy weather . . . just the thing for the convalescent. **SCRAP FUN** is so fascinating that its value cannot be measured in dollars . . . a single idea can be worth the small price of this most unusual volume.

DON'T THROW THINGS AWAY!

Get a copy of **SCRAP FUN FOR EVERYONE** and stop throwing things away. You'll be amazed with the hundreds of suggestions. Old toys, common paper, tin cans and dozens of other things can be quickly turned into interesting novelties, toys, jewelry, party decorations, etc. . . it's all so easy. The pictures show just what to do and the simplified instructions can be followed by a juvenile or an adult.

• More Than 600 ILLUSTRATIONS

• 384 Easy To Read INSTRUCTIVE PAGES

SCRAP FUN FOR EVERYONE contains 384 constructive pages. There are more than 600 illustrations. The type is large-sized and easy to read, and it is bound in a stiff, wear-resisting cover. **SCRAP FUN FOR EVERYONE** is the work of an expert. "Evelyn Glantz" has devoted years of her teaching life to the preparation of handicraft and creation . . . this assures you of a home educator that is complete in every detail.

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If you are going to have a party for the kiddies or entertain grown-ups, you will find many suggestions in **SCRAP FUN FOR EVERYONE** which you can make yourself out of waste. Make original, exciting party favors, musical things, gifts, novelties . . . there are ever so many things to delight you and make you proud of your accomplishments.

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For BOYS, GIRLS and PARENTS!

Every member of the family will want to make things that are illustrated and suggested in **SCRAP FUN FOR EVERYONE**. Imagine that with a few sheets of paper, a bit of glue, some odds and ends and a pair of scissors you can quickly and easily make 100 different toys, games and novelties. An exciting and amazing education is yours almost as a gift.

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Rush your order today for your copy of **SCRAP FUN FOR EVERYONE**. Order several copies for Christmas gifts to old and young alike. Everyone will find interest and fun in this book. Quantity is limited so don't delay. . . . Just fill in the coupon attached, put it in an envelope and mail.



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- Smoking Sets
- Party Hats
- Lamp Shades
- Closet Needs
- Handy Baskets

Unfortunately, space does not permit a full description of the 384 pages of **SCRAP FUN FOR EVERYONE**. However, we have selected some of the contents which you will find listed above. BUT remember, **SCRAP FUN** is not just a book. No indeed! It's an educational work which shows how to relax . . . how to get enjoyment . . . and how to turn scrap into profitable, useful things.



Free

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DOLLY O'DARE



WHO WAS THE SINISTER BARON BLUE AND HOW COULD HIS SUBTLE SYSTEM OF LARCENY AND MURDER BE SMASHED? DETECTIVES HAUNTED THE TOWN'S HOT SPOTS, COMBED CAFE SOCIETY BUT FAILED TO NAB THE NOTORIOUS NOBLEMAN! WHAT SLY SCHEME COULD THE BARON DEVISE TO DODGE DOLLY O'DARE WHEN SHE DARED TO TRACK HIM DOWN ALONE?

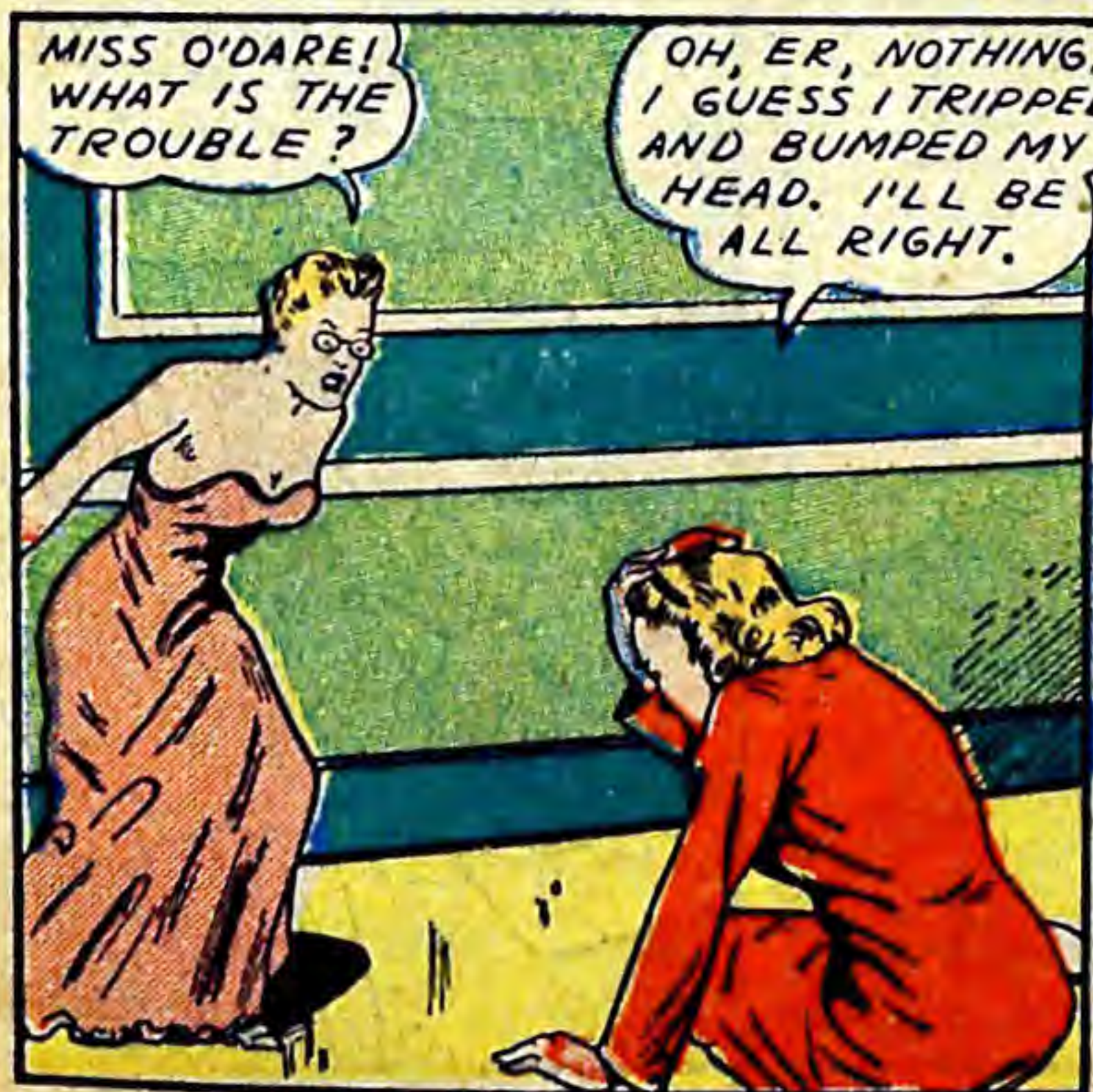
POLICE-WOMAN O'DARE. REPORT TO CAPTAIN MCCARTHY'S OFFICE IMMEDIATELY!

OH-OH! THIS IS IT - I HOPE!

NO MUG FITTING BARON BLUE'S DESCRIPTION TURNED UP IN THOSE ROGUES GALLERY PHOTOS. THE BARON MUST BE A SLICK ARTICLE!

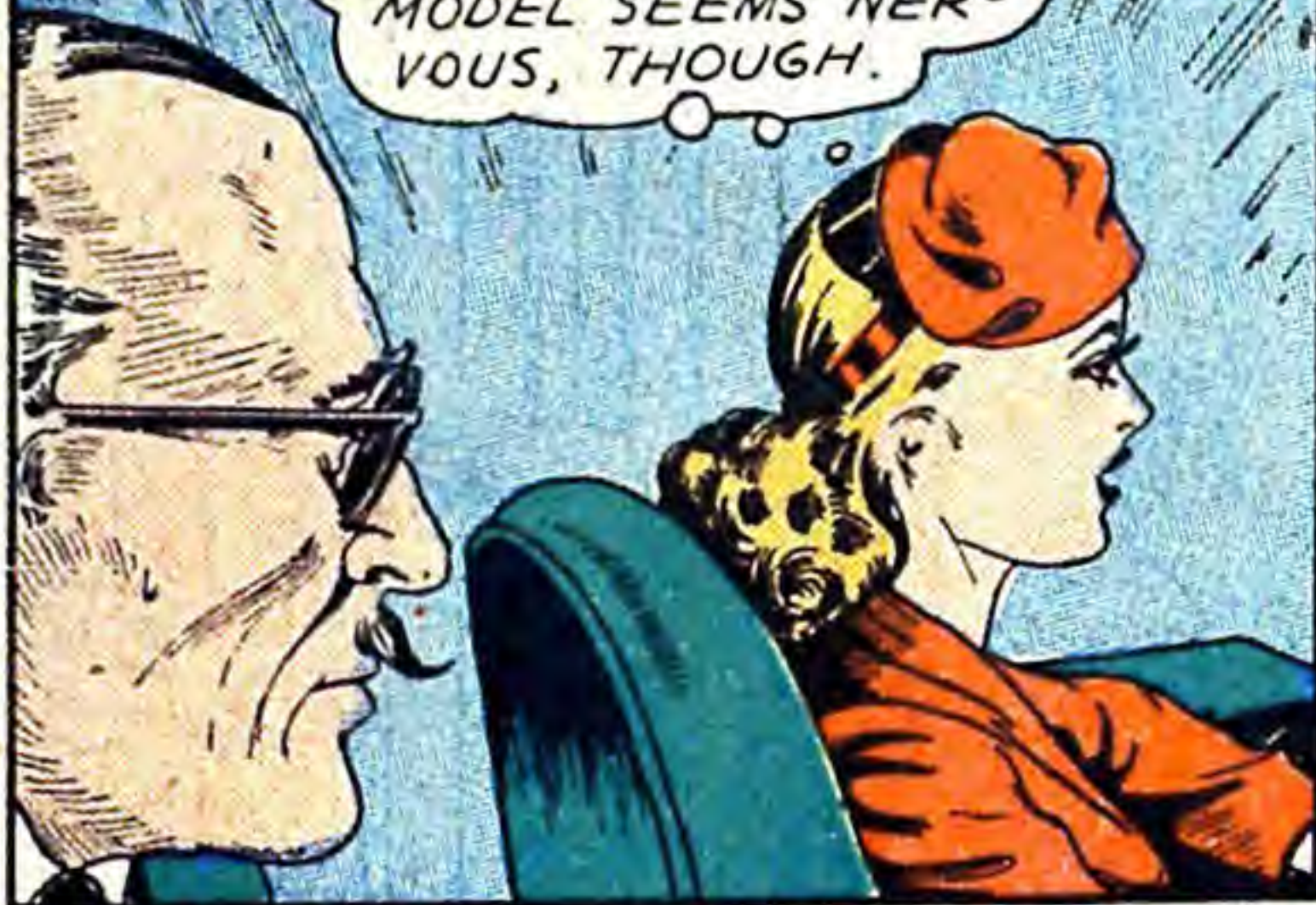






UNAWARE OF SINISTER EYES, THE SUPER SLEUTH WATCHES THE FASHION SHOW.

GORGEOUS GOWNS! WISH MY WARDROBE CALLED FOR SOMETHING AS GLAMOROUS... THAT MODEL SEEMS NERVOUS, THOUGH.



THE POLICE GAL! I SHOULD'VE HIT HER HARDER! THE BARON H BETTER FIX HER WHEN THE EXCITEMENT STARTS!



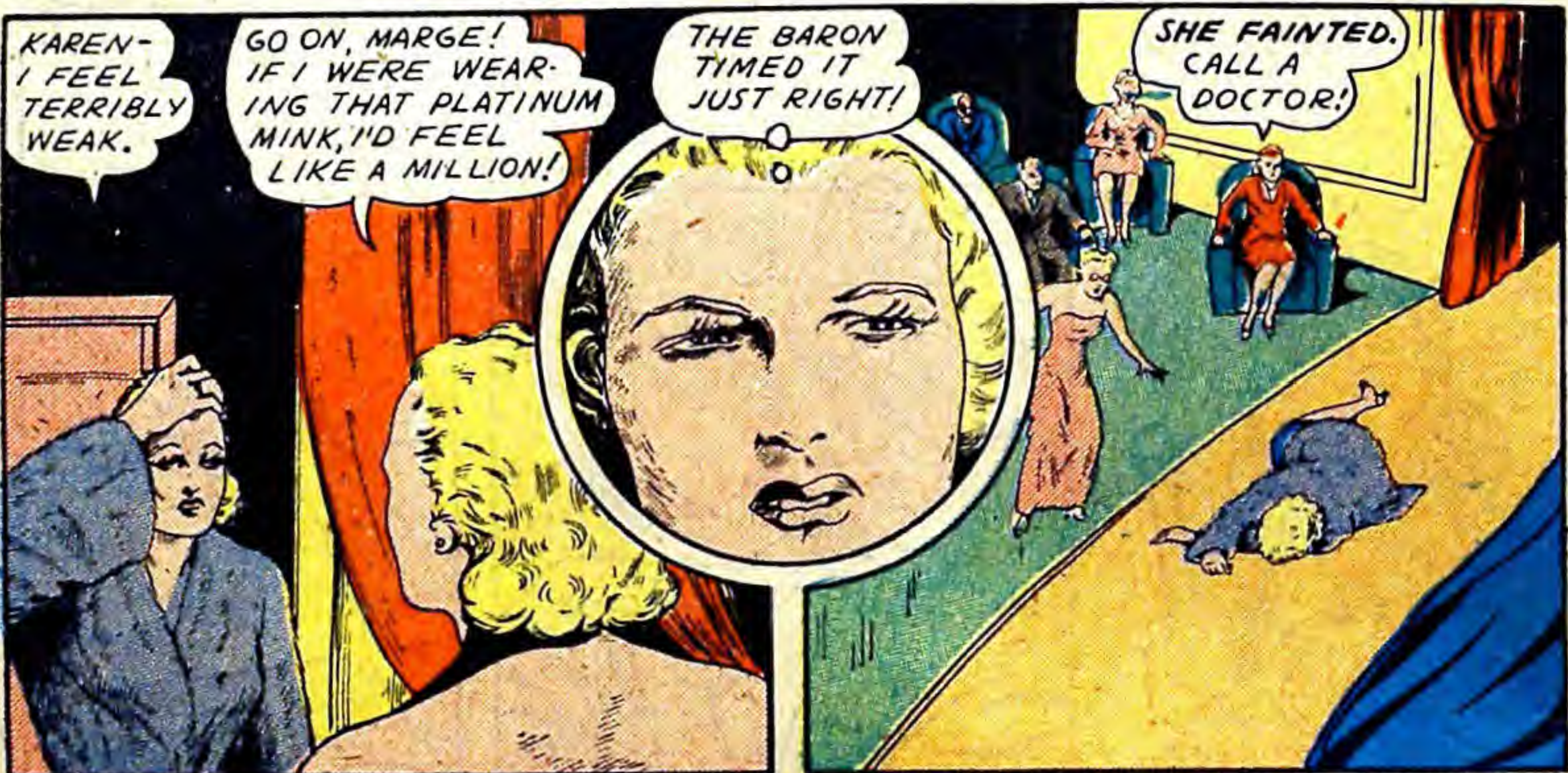
KAREN- I FEEL TERRIBLY WEAK.

GO ON, MARGE! IF I WERE WEARING THAT PLATINUM MINK, I'D FEEL LIKE A MILLION!

THE BARON TIMED IT JUST RIGHT!



SHE FAINTED. CALL A DOCTOR!



SIT DOWN, EVERYBODY! DON'T CROWD AROUND HER!

THIS POLICE-WOMAN WON'T BE HARD TO HANDLE IN THE BACK ROOMS.

TAKE HER TO THE DRESSING ROOM. I'LL GET A GLASS OF WATER.



HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA?

PARDON ME, MAMMOISELLE, BUT I MUST LOCK THIS DOOR.



WHY THE RAT!
THAT MUST BE
BARON BLUE!
THOSE DARK
GLASSES
FOOLED
ME.



HAVE TO SHOOT OFF
THE LOCK AND GRAB
THE BARON BEFORE
HE SNATCHES THE
FUR COAT!



NOBODY AROUND.
OH-OH.. SMOKE!
HE SETS A FIRE
TO DRIVE EVERY-
ONE OUT FRONT!



BARON BLUE WORKED
FAST! SLUGGED OLD
HAROLD AND-HUH?
MARGE ISN'T IN A
FAINT, SHE'S DEAD!



MODELS HAVE A
HABIT OF HIDING
NOTES IN THEIR
SHOES-HEY, WHAT?
HER BOTTLE OF
VITAMIN CAPSULES
IS GONE!



SOME JERK SET OFF
A SMOKE BOMB, DOLLY.
SAY! WHAT HAPPENED
HERE?

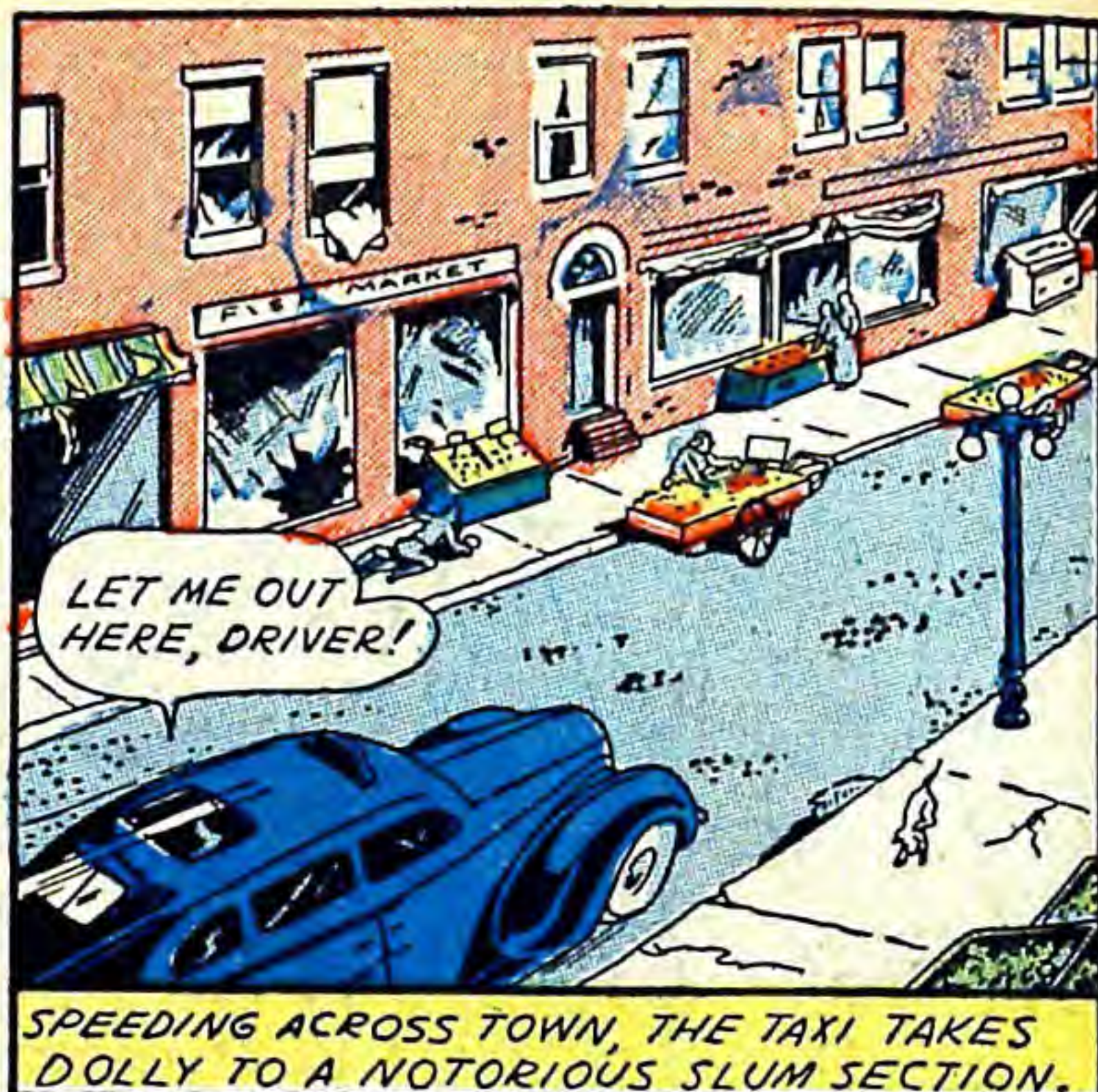
BARON BLUE'S
WORK. SEE FOR
YOURSELF,
INSPECTOR.



POISON, HUH? THE
BARON'S PET METHOD.
THEN HE SLIPPED
THROUGH OUR NET
WHEN THE PEOPLE
RUSHED OUT. WHAT
ELSE, DOLLY?

THAT'S
ALL, TAKE
OVER,
INSPECT-
OR, I'M
LEAVING.







THIS WILL QUIET HER! WONDER HOW SHE LEARNED WE WERE HERE?

MARGE MUST'VE TRAILED US LAST NIGHT AND WRITTEN THIS ADDRESS. YOU SHOULD'VE LOOKED IN HER SHOES!



LOOK IN MINE, SISTER! TAKE A GOOD LOOK!

HEY, YOU GRAB HER, BARON!



OH! OH! I SHOT THE BARON BY MISTAKE!

THAT'S TOUGH, BABY! YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE MURDER RAP ALONE.



IF YOUR BULLET DIDN'T FINISH BARON BLUE, THE ETHER FUMES WILL.



YOU FOUND THE COAT, CAPTAIN, BUT WHAT-?

BLOOD ON THE RUG BUT NO TRACE OF BARON BLUE. HE'S A SLIPPERY ONE, ALL RIGHT!



WE SEARCHED EVERY HOUSE IN THE BLOCK, DOLLY, BUT THE BARON HAD ESCAPED!

IT'S ALL MY FAULT!



NO, DOLLY. YOU DID A FINE PIECE OF DETECTIVE WORK. BARON BLUE IS DEVILISHLY CLEVER!

I'LL TRACK HIM DOWN, CAPTAIN! HE'S POISON BUT I'M HIS ANTIDOTE!

LATER... AFTER DOLLY'S CALL BRINGS THE MEN FROM HEADQUARTERS..

The Enchanted DAGGER

FEARLESSLY
ROGER
CHALMERS-
KNOWN
ONLY
AS
THE
ENCHANTED
DAGGER,
BATTLES
AGAINST
OVERWHELMING
ODDS
IN
A
STRUGGLE
TO FREE
THE
RESTAURANT
OWNERS
FROM
THE GRIP
OF A
RUTHLESS
BAND.



Washington
The Press & Guardian

EXTRA
2 MORE RESTAURANTS
STRUCK BY
THE GREEN PLAGUE

STRANGE MALADY
OVERCOMES PATRONS
OF CITY'S FAMOUS
RESTAURANTS.
LAW SUITS PILE

UP AS FOOD CHANGES
GUESTS COMPLEXIONS
TO A HIDEOUS GREEN
COLOR!
POLICE ARE BAFFLED.

FROM A HIGH PERCH, ROGER
CHALMERS, THE ENCHANTED
DAGGER, STANDS AS A MIGHTY
ANSWER TO THE THREATENING
PLAGUE.



THE COOK'S LEAVING
EXCITED AND IN A
HURRY... WONDER
WHY?



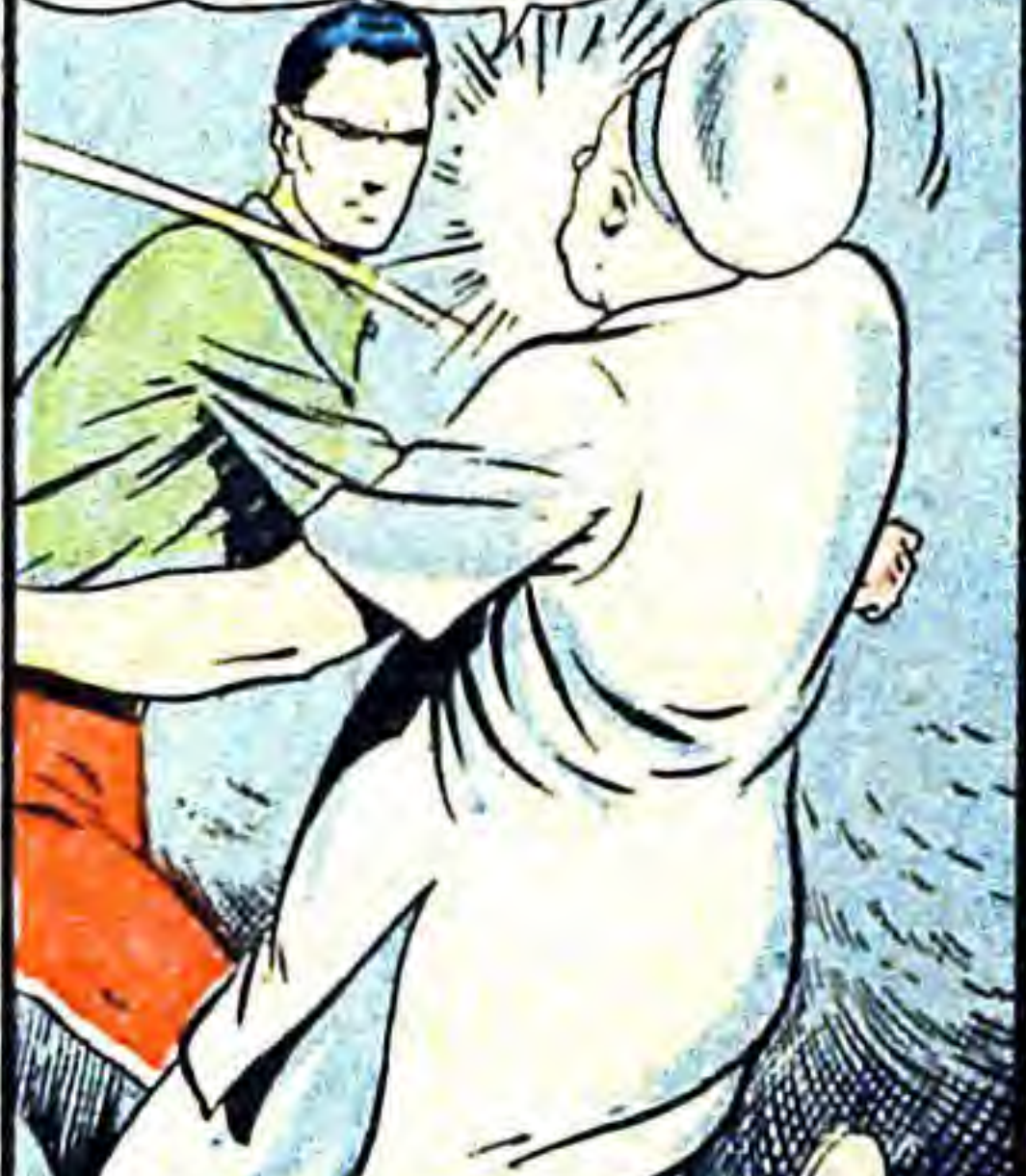
INSTANTLY, THE MIGHTY GUARDIAN LEAPS TO INVESTIGATE.



THE STUFF IS IN THE SOUP. QUICK, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY START TO SERVE IT.



YOUR TALK AND THE RESTAURANT TROUBLE FIT TOGETHER TOO WELL!



LOOKS LIKE MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT!



FROM NOW ON IT'S REAL WORK.



HERE IS YOUR PARTNER!



LOOK, THOSE OTHER PEOPLE HAVE TURNED GREEN TOO!



THE FACES OF THE GUESTS ARE ALL A GHASTLY GREEN.



HA, HA EVERYBODY HAS TURNED GREEN BUT ME, HA HA!

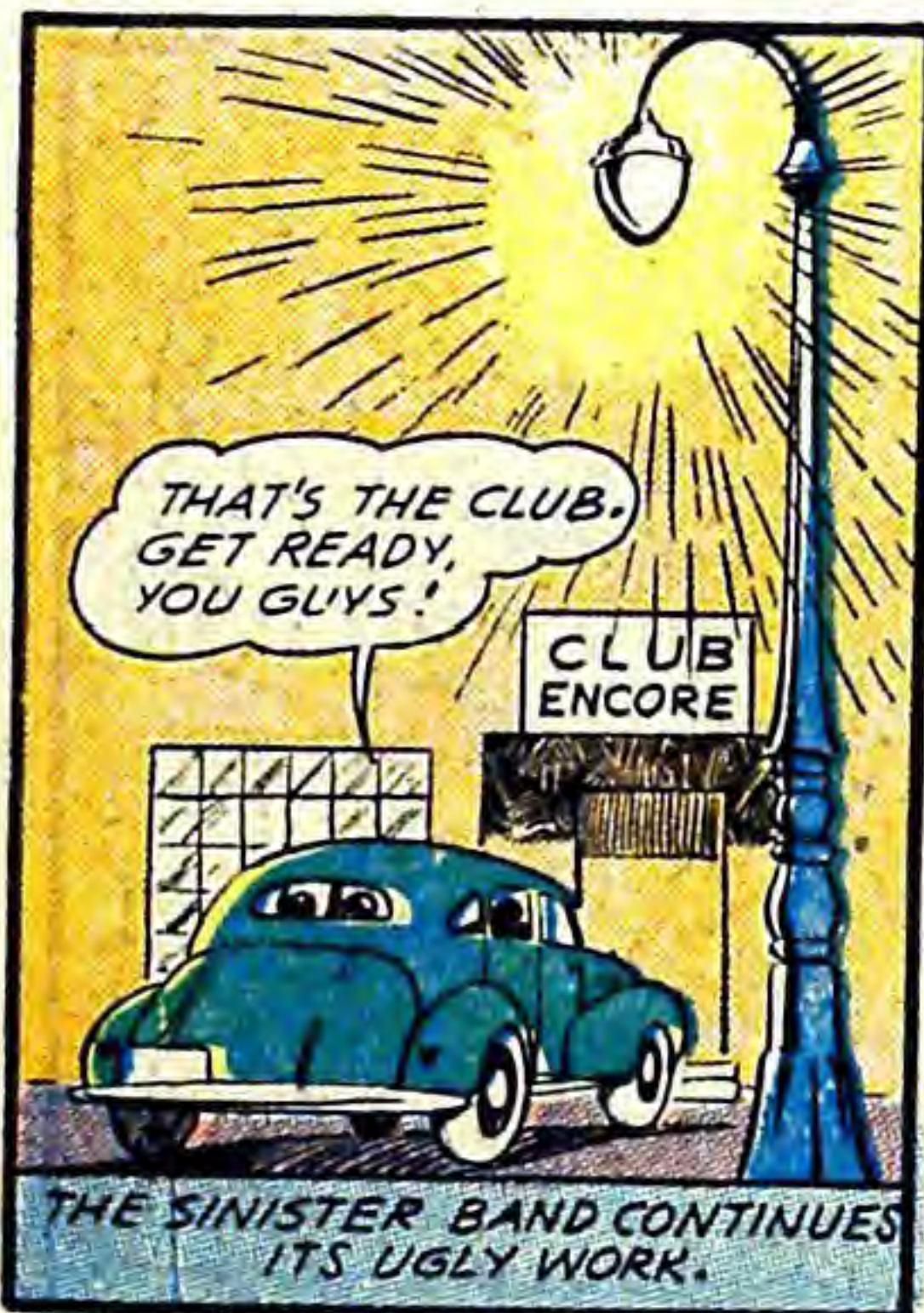
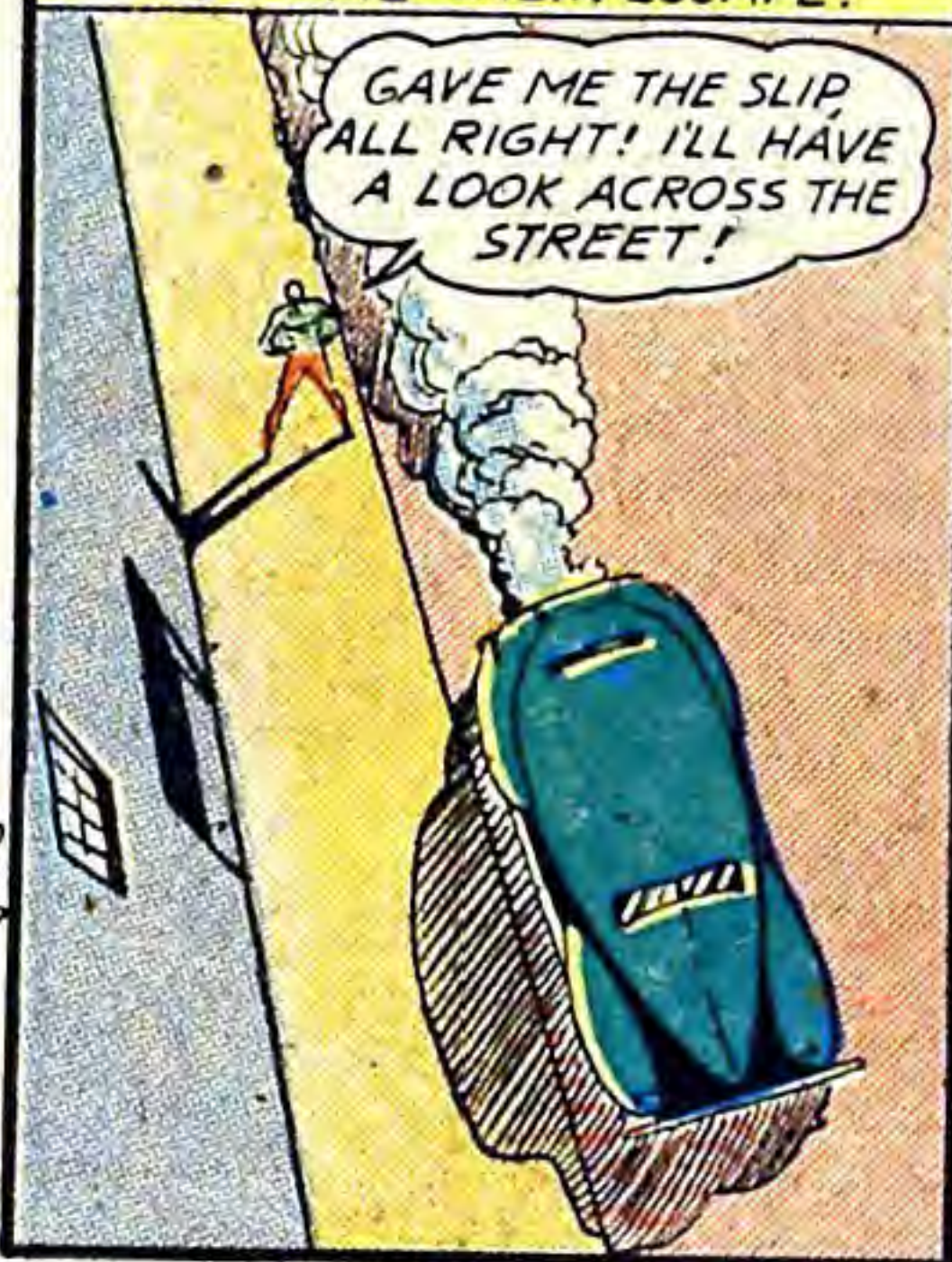


SUDDENLY AN EXCITED CROWD RUSHES INTO THE STREET.

THE EXCITEMENT DRAWS THE ATTENTION OF THE ENCHANTED DAGGER...



.. LONG ENOUGH FOR THE GANG TO MAKE THEIR ESCAPE.

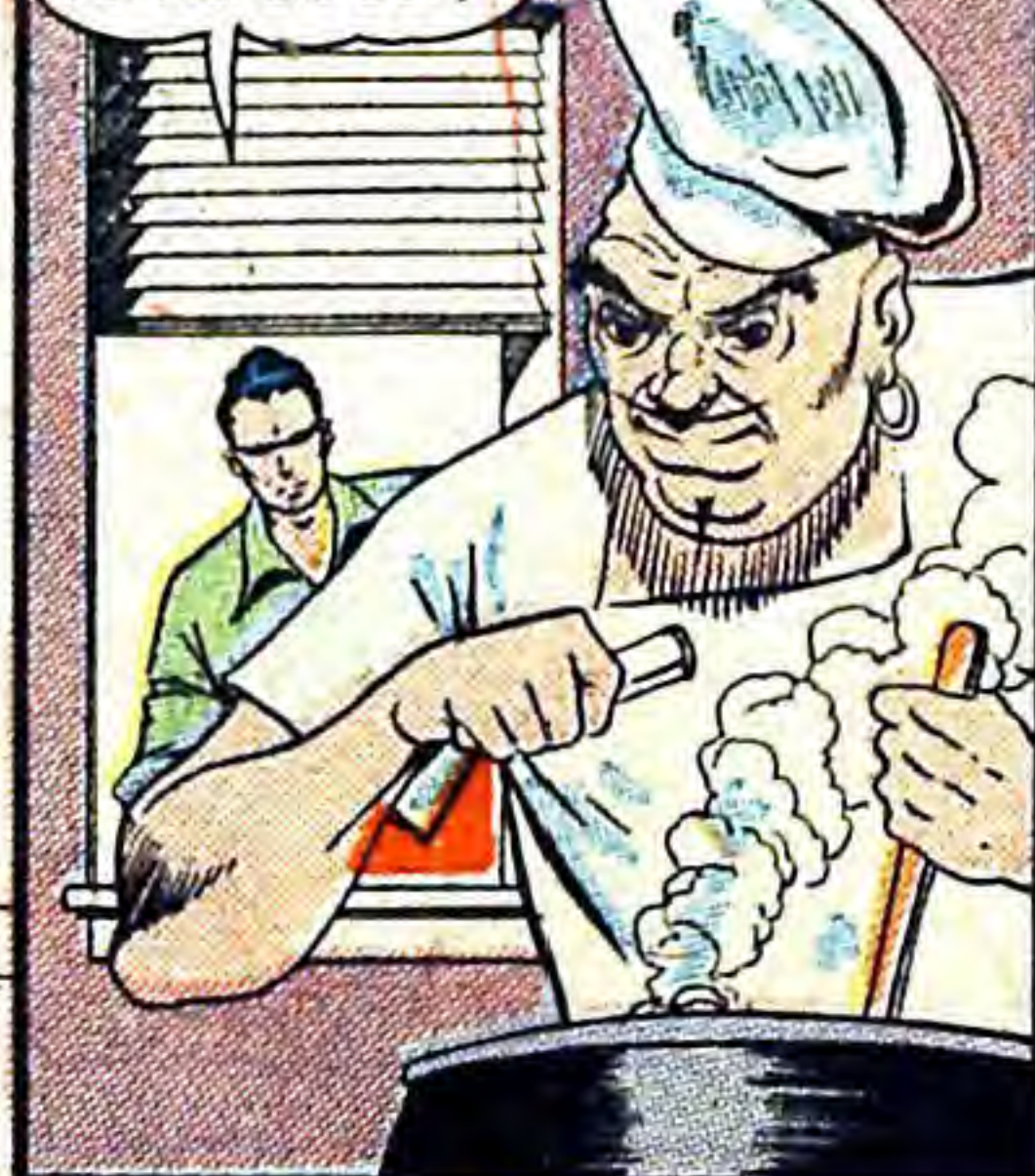


CONTINUING HIS SEARCH, THE EN-
CHANTED DAGGER SOON DISCOVERS.

THAT'S THEIR CAR ALL
RIGHT! THEY'VE
PROBABLY BEEN
UP TO SOME DIRTY
WORK IN THERE!



JUST AS I THOUGHT...
THAT GUY'S UP
TO NO GOOD!



WHAT TH- THAT'S ONE
SOUP YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO
MESS UP!



THIS'LL SHOW
YOU WHO'S--



SWIFTLY THE KNIFE
SLIPS OUT OF THE SASH.



I'M PARALYZED...
I CAN'T MOVE!

THAT'S WHY
THEY CALL
ME THE
ENCHANTED
DAGGER!

UNDER THE
SPELL OF
THE DAGGER
YOU WILL
ANSWER.
NOW SPEAK!



THE POTION
DROPPED IN THE
SOUP CAUSES
THE COMPLEXION
TO TURN GREEN...
IT IS HARMLESS
BUT EFFECTIVE.
PIER 28, THAT'S
THE HIDEOUT!

MEANWHILE AT
THE HIDEOUT..

HERE IT IS, BOSS.
PLENTY OF
MONEY!

YOU'RE TELLING ME!
THE GREEN PLAGUE'S
GOT THEM RESTAU-
RANT GUYS SHAKY.
WHERE'S THE
COOK?



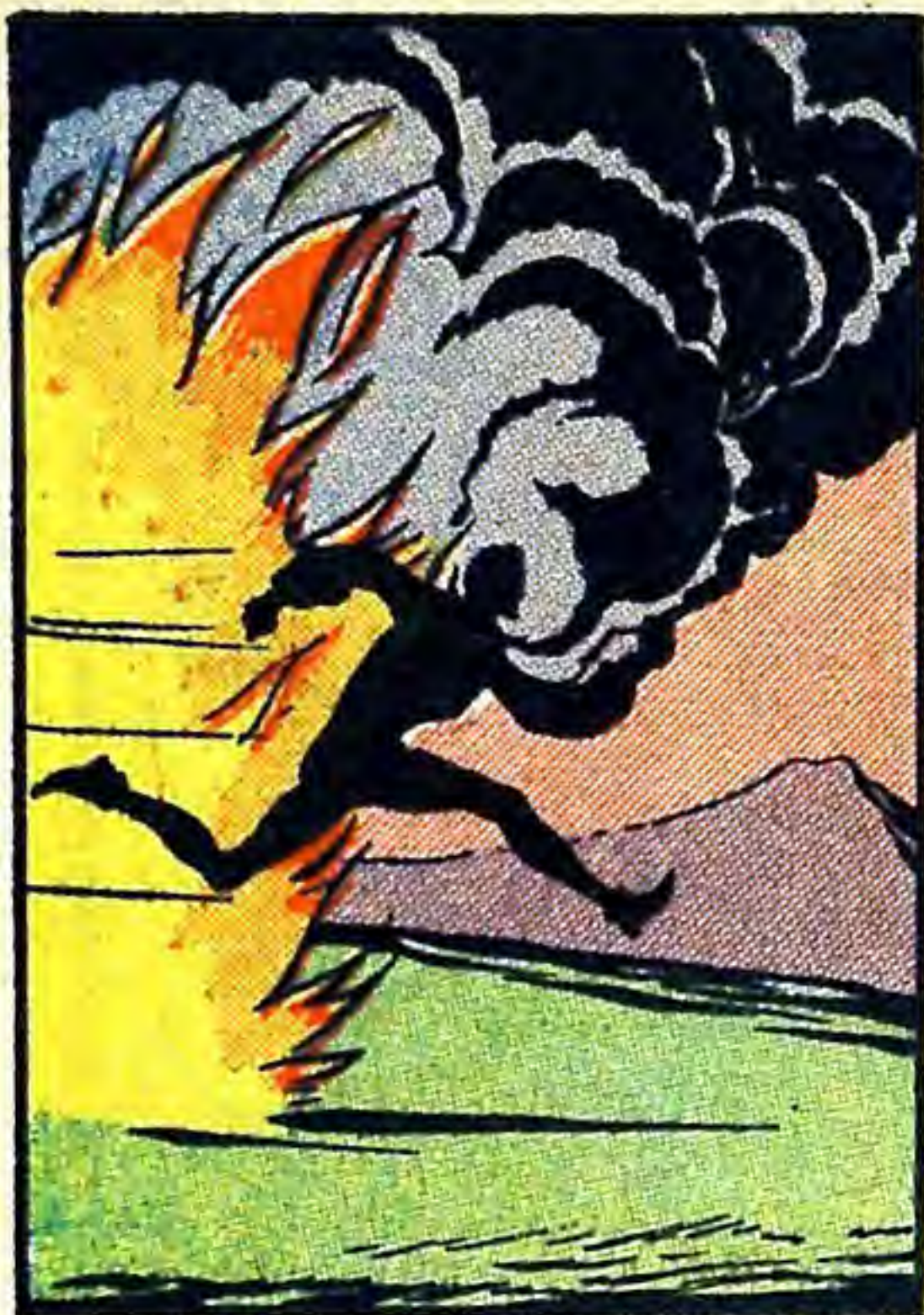
... AND WE HAD TROUBLE
WITH THIS ENCHANTED
DAGGER GUY, BUT WE
GAVE HIM THE SLIP.
THE COOK'S OVER AT
THE CLUB ENCORE.

GOOD WORK! WHEN
HE GET'S BACK THE
FOUR ACES CLUB'S
NEXT. DON'T WORRY.
IF THAT ENCHANTED
GUY GETS WISE
AGAIN, I'LL--









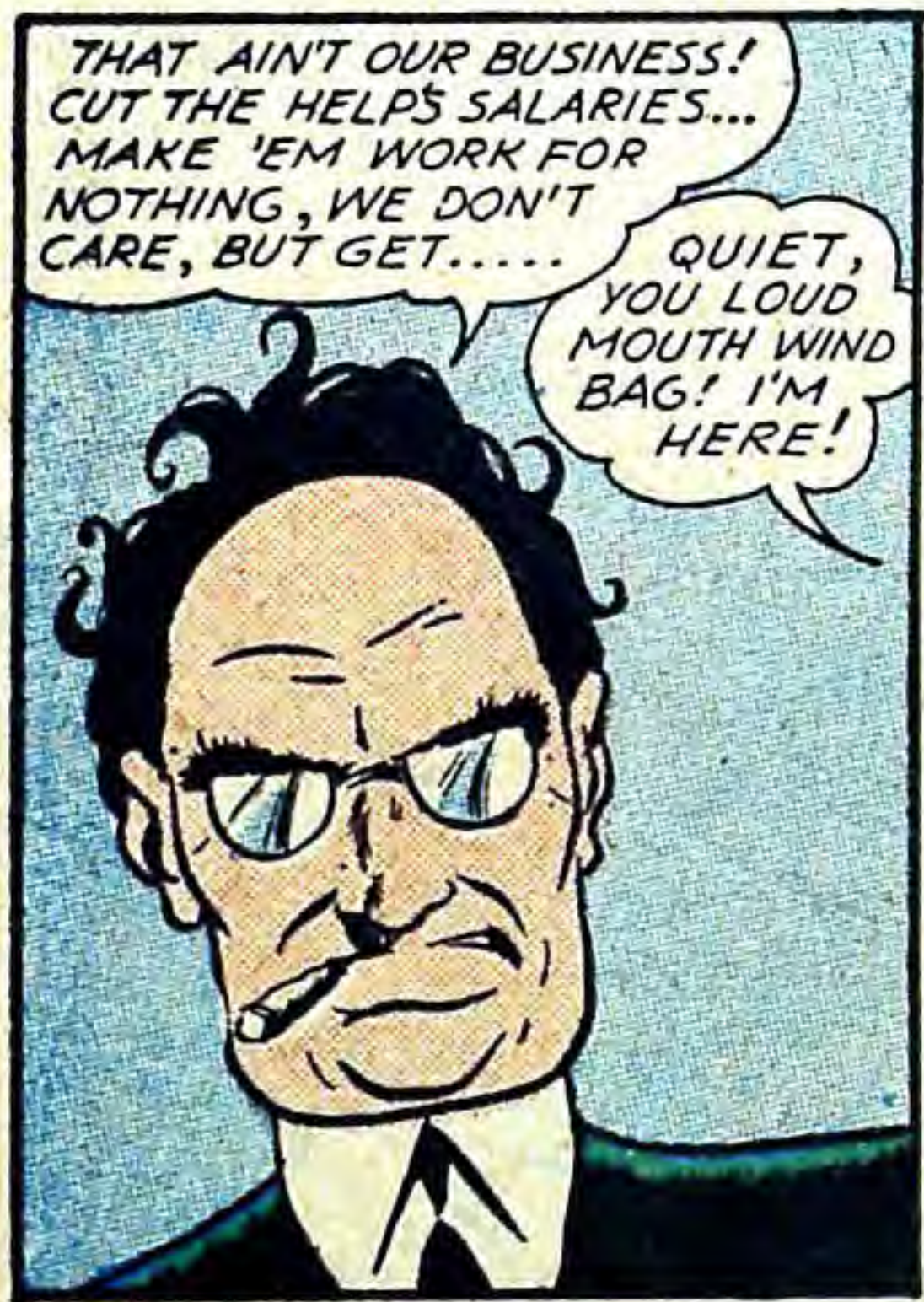
WHA- WHO...
SAY, WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING IN
HERE?

I'LL HAVE TO
BORROW THIS TO
GET TO THE FOUR
ACES CLUB, CHIEF.
I'VE GOT TO CATCH
SOME RATS.



THAT'S WHAT MY
ORDERS ARE! ONE
GRAND A WEEK...
OR YOU'RE AT THE
MERCY OF THE
GREEN PLAGUE!

BUT A THOUSAND
DOLLARS A WEEK,
I'LL ADMIT I
HAVE NO AL-
TERNATIVE BUT
TO PROTECT MY
BUSINESS. BUT
I CAN'T PAY
THAT MUCH!



THAT AIN'T OUR BUSINESS!
CUT THE HELPS SALARIES...
MAKE 'EM WORK FOR
NOTHING, WE DON'T
CARE, BUT GET.....

QUIET,
YOU LOUD
MOUTH WIND
BAG! I'M
HERE!



THE PUNK'S HERE!
OPEN THE THROTTLE
ON THAT TOMMY-GUN!

THAT'S
WHAT YOU
THINK.

OKAY,
BOSS!



WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE
ENCHANTED DAGGER HURLS
HIS MYSTIC WEAPON.

JUST MISSED
THAT HAIL
OF LEAD!



THEY'LL REMAIN THIS
WAY TILL THE POLICE
GET HERE. WELL, I
GUESS THAT'S THE
END OF THE REIGN
OF THE GREEN
PLAGUE.

WE RESTAURANT AND
CAFE OWNERS OWE
YOU A GREAT DEAL...
BUT I GUESS THAT
DOESN'T MEAN
ANYTHING TO YOU!

THE GANG REMAIN FROZEN IN THEIR TRACKS,
BY THE ENCHANTMENT OF THE DAGGER.



WUXTRY! ENCHANTED
DAGGER SMASHES RESTAURANT
RACKET AND EXPOSES GREEN
PLAGUE. HARMLESS CAPSULES
DROPPED IN FOOD OF DINING
ROOMS REFUSING TO PAY
EXTORTIONISTS.... EXTRY!

THE GREEN GHOST



A sharp piercing scream filled the night. Two gangsters rushed across the lawn of Fred Miller's home and rushed into a car. "Come on," one of them yelled, "we got the inventor's kid."

The car raced into the night. Suddenly one of the gangsters yelled, "Cripes, this kid's got red hair. We got the wrong kid."

"Gee," barked the second gangster, "the boss'll kill us for this."

The gangster opened the door of the car. As he was about to throw the little boy out, suddenly a green dart pierced his throat.

"AGHHHHH!" screamed the gangster as he fell dead, still holding the boy in his arms.

The other gangster looked at the green dart and shouted, "It's THE SIGN OF THE GREEN GHOST!"

"Green Ghost!" gasped the driver. He jammed his foot down on the accelerator. But, before the car could pick up more speed a huge boulder appeared on the road blocking its course. The car screeched to a halt.

"Green Ghost!" screamed the driver as he fled.

The other gangster tried to follow. But too late! The Green Ghost dived down on him.

"Let me live," wailed the gangster.

"I will," replied the Green Ghost, "but first tell me who sent you?"

"SIGI," gasped the gangster.

As the name rang in his ears, the Green Ghost knew that he was battling the most dangerous criminal in America. Quickly, he grabbed the boy and jumped into the car, but suddenly a treacherous cry rang out in the night.

"Ha! Ha! Green Ghost, while you were chasing my men, I kidnaped the inventor's son. The valuable television plans will be mine for ransom. Ha! Ha! I don't believe in Ghosts."

With Sigi's laughter still ringing in his ears, the Green Ghost leaped from the tree to the

balcony of the inventor's home. "I've got a plan to catch Sigi," said the Green Ghost as he silently entered the house, "but the inventor will have to help me."

The next day Sigi received the answer to the message he left with the inventor. The ad in the paper read, "I'LL HAVE PAPERS IN CEMETERY AT MIDNIGHT."

Miller nervously paced the cemetery grounds. All about him were grave stones. A lone tree stood in the cemetery. From the hill above, one could see the surrounding country side for miles. Suddenly, a car stopped on the hill. Out of it came Sigi. He held the inventor's son with one hand and carried a machine gun in his other.

"Give me the papers," he commanded. "One phony move, and I'll blast your son."

The inventor handed Sigi the papers.

Sigi looked at them, and roared, "Why, they're fakes. I'll machine-gun your kid."

Suddenly, the branches in the tree rustled. Sigi yelled, "Another step and the kid dies. I don't believe in ghosts."

A sharp wind swept across the cemetery. "Oh no," laughed the Green Ghost, as he snapped an invisible string, "then look behind you."

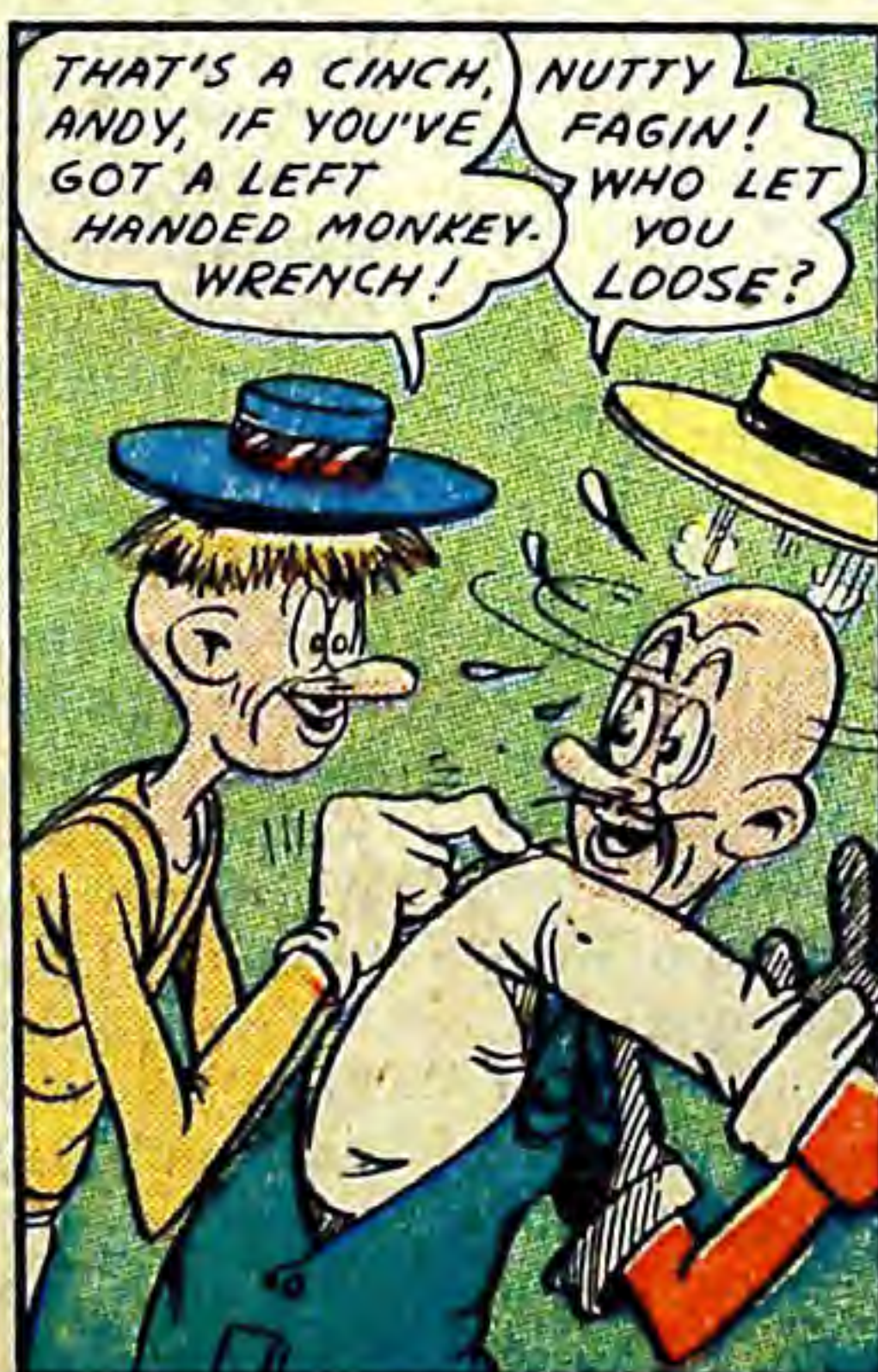
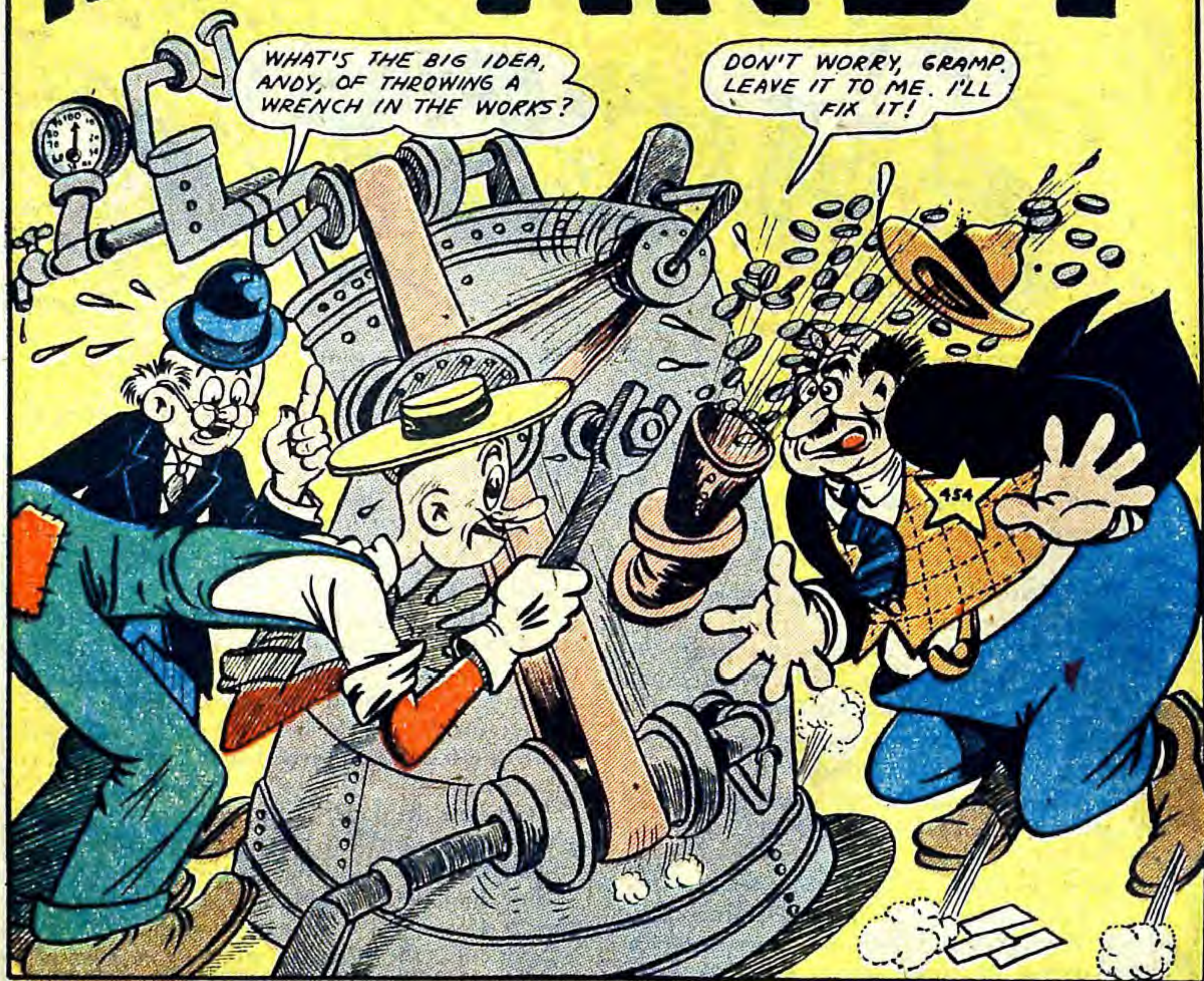
Sigi turned and saw weird figures flying over the tombstones toward him. "YIII!" he screamed, as he became paralyzed in his tracks.

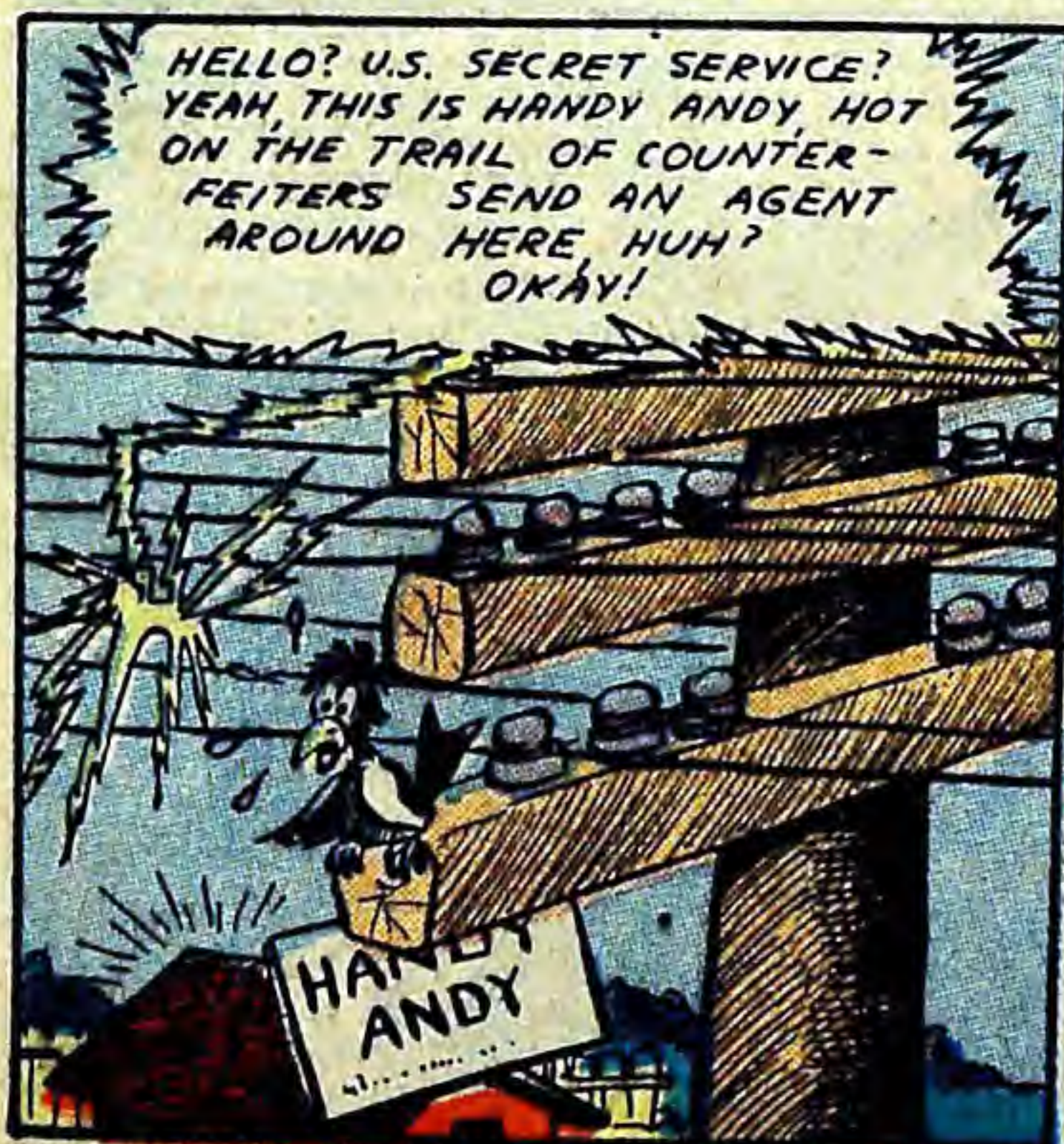
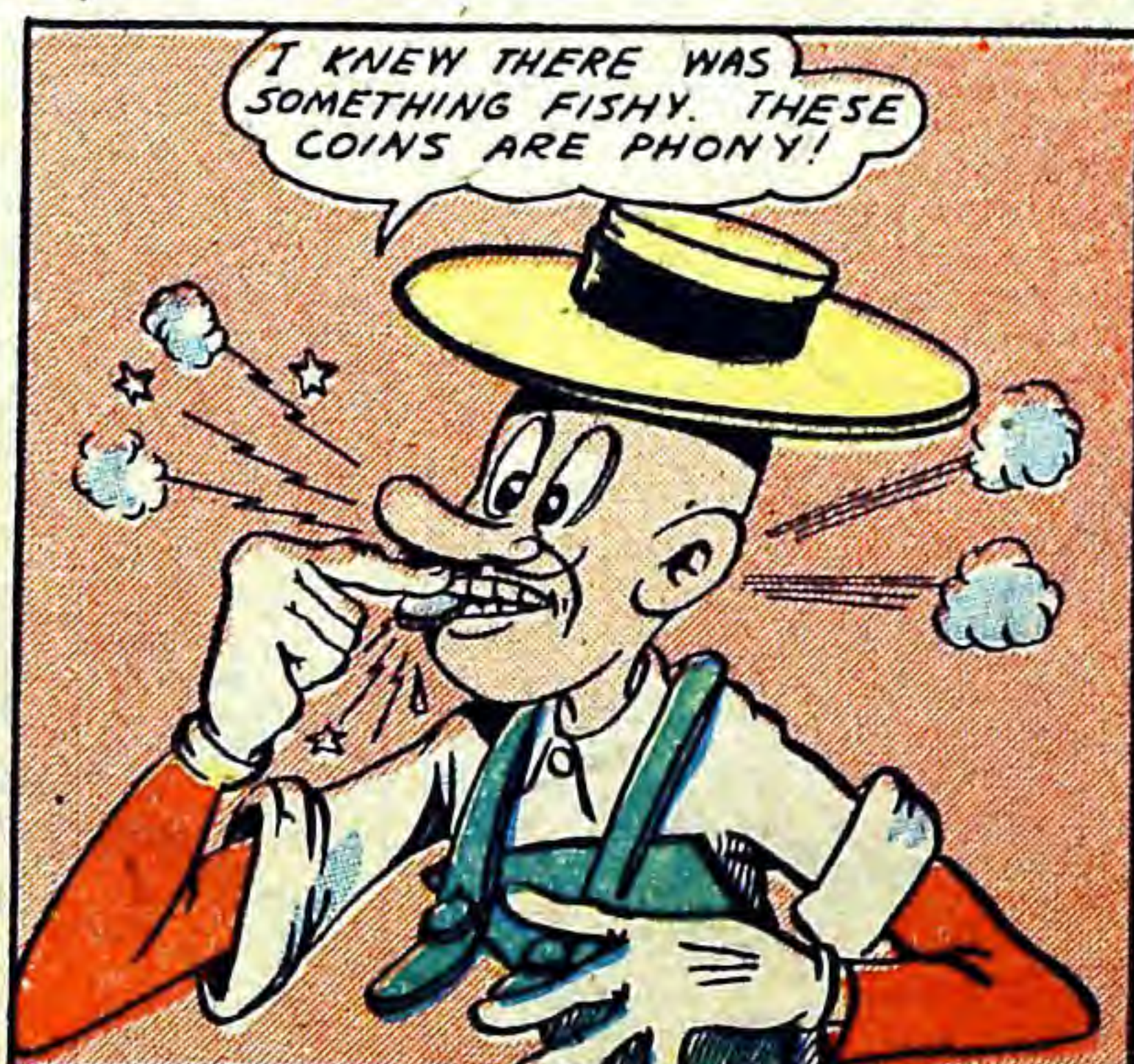
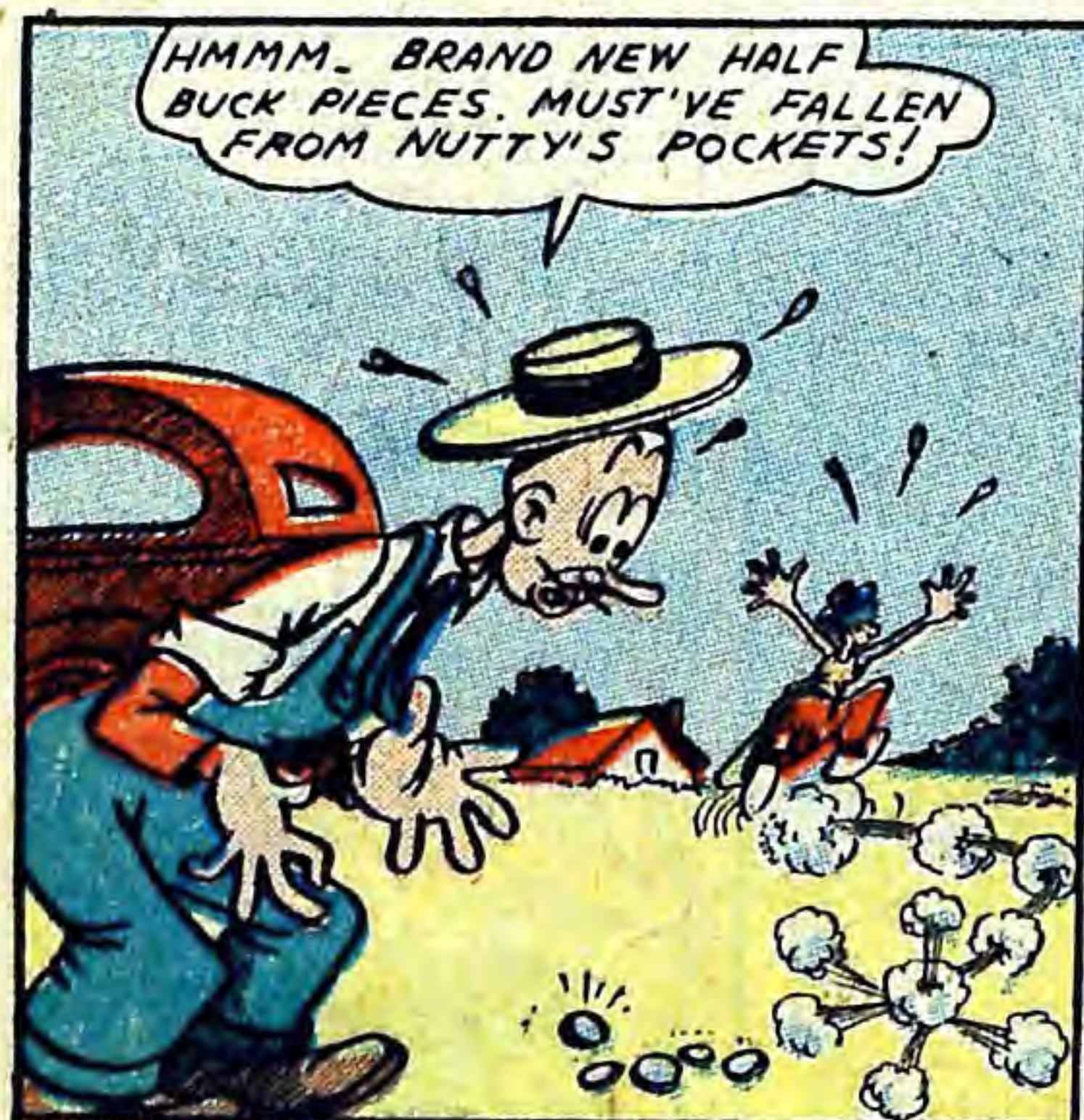
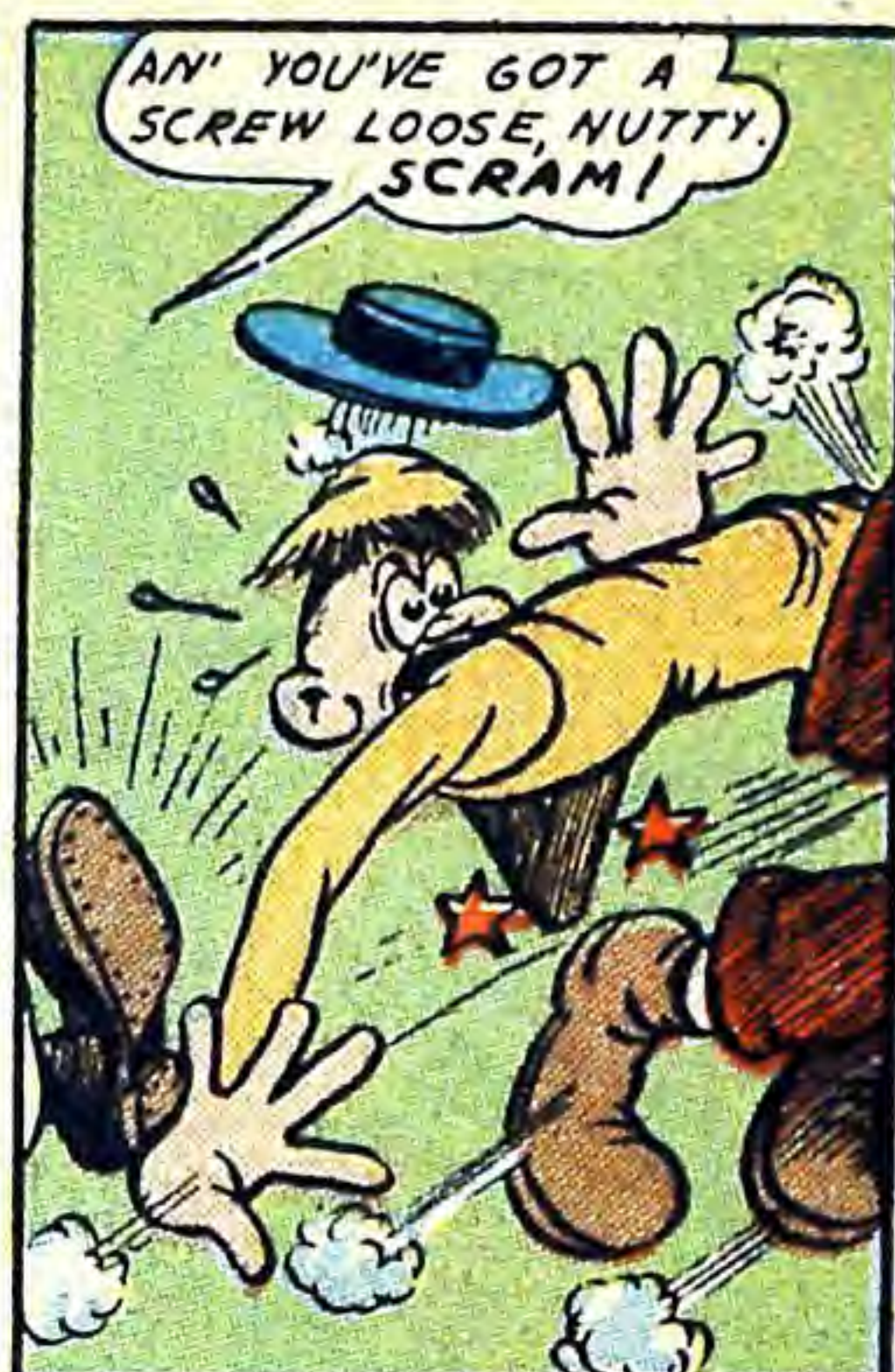
Before he knew it, the Green Ghost leaped down on him and smashed him to the ground.

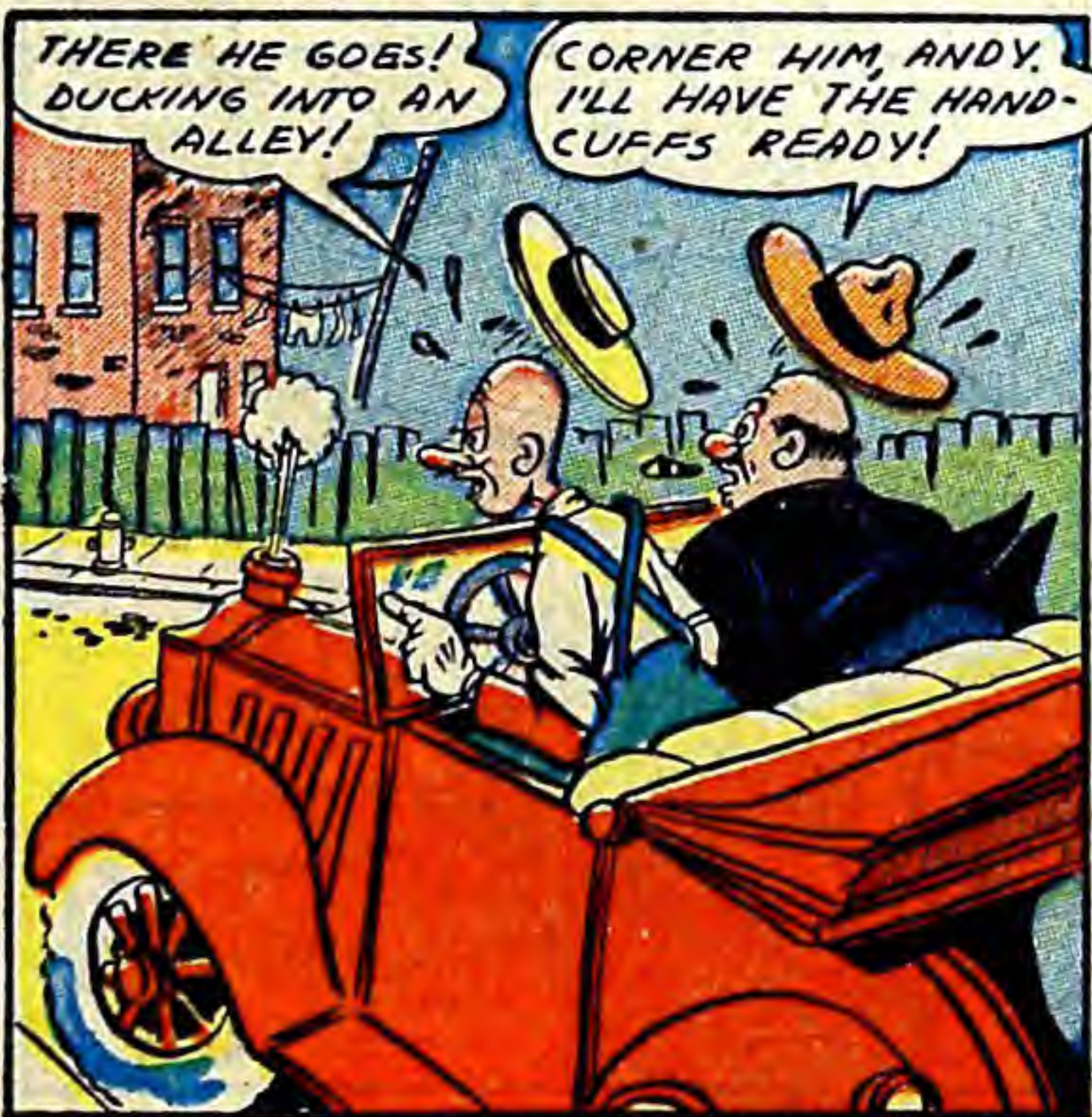
Sigi sprang up at his assailant and cursed as his blows went wild. The Green Ghost stepped under the gangster's arms and ended the fight with an uppercut to the jaw.

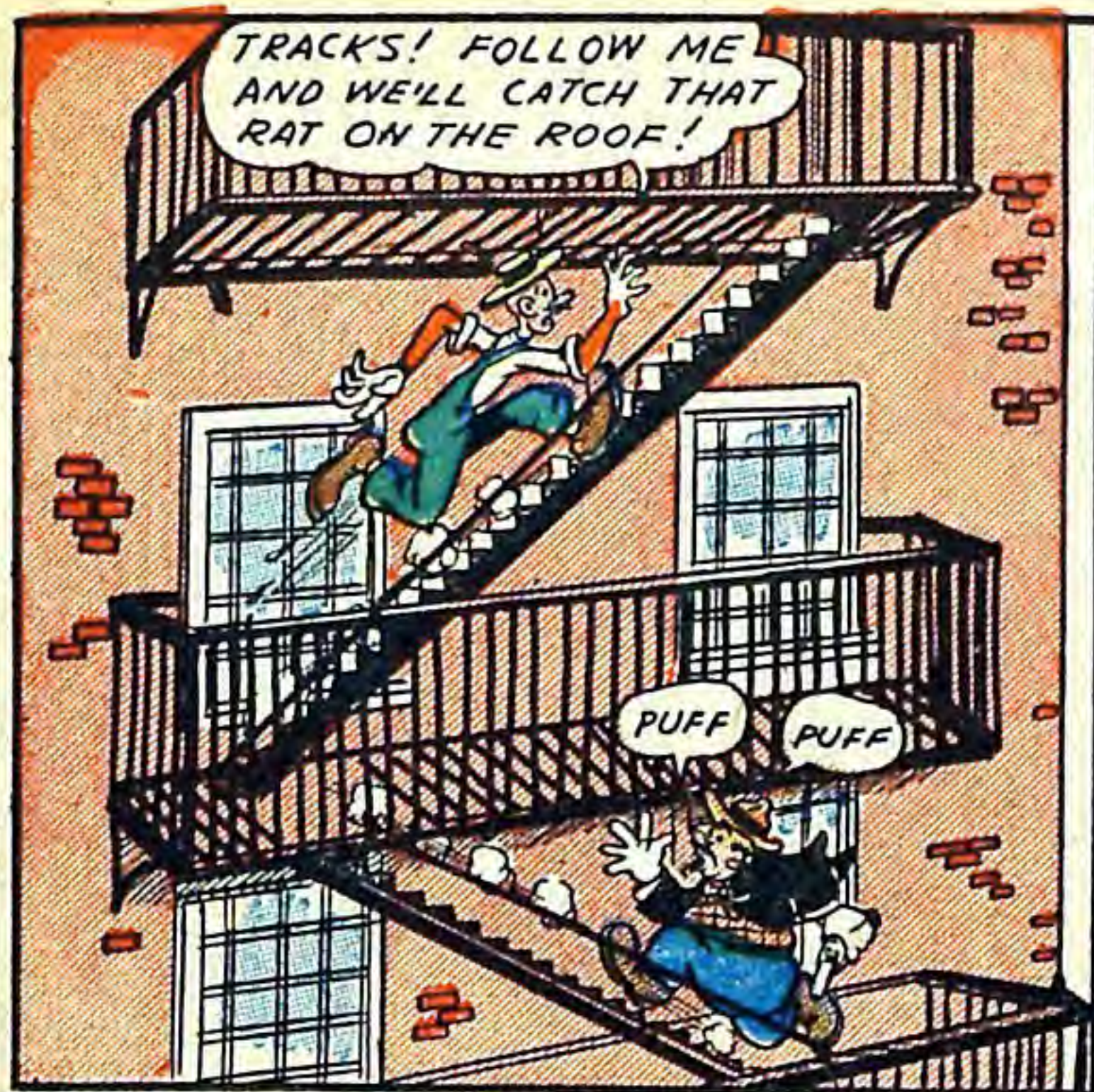
"Boy," laughed Miller, as he hugged his son, "those bed sheets came in handy. You certainly knew we'd get a strong breeze at the right moment." The inventor looked up. The Green Ghost was gone, and the friendly wail of police sirens filled the air.

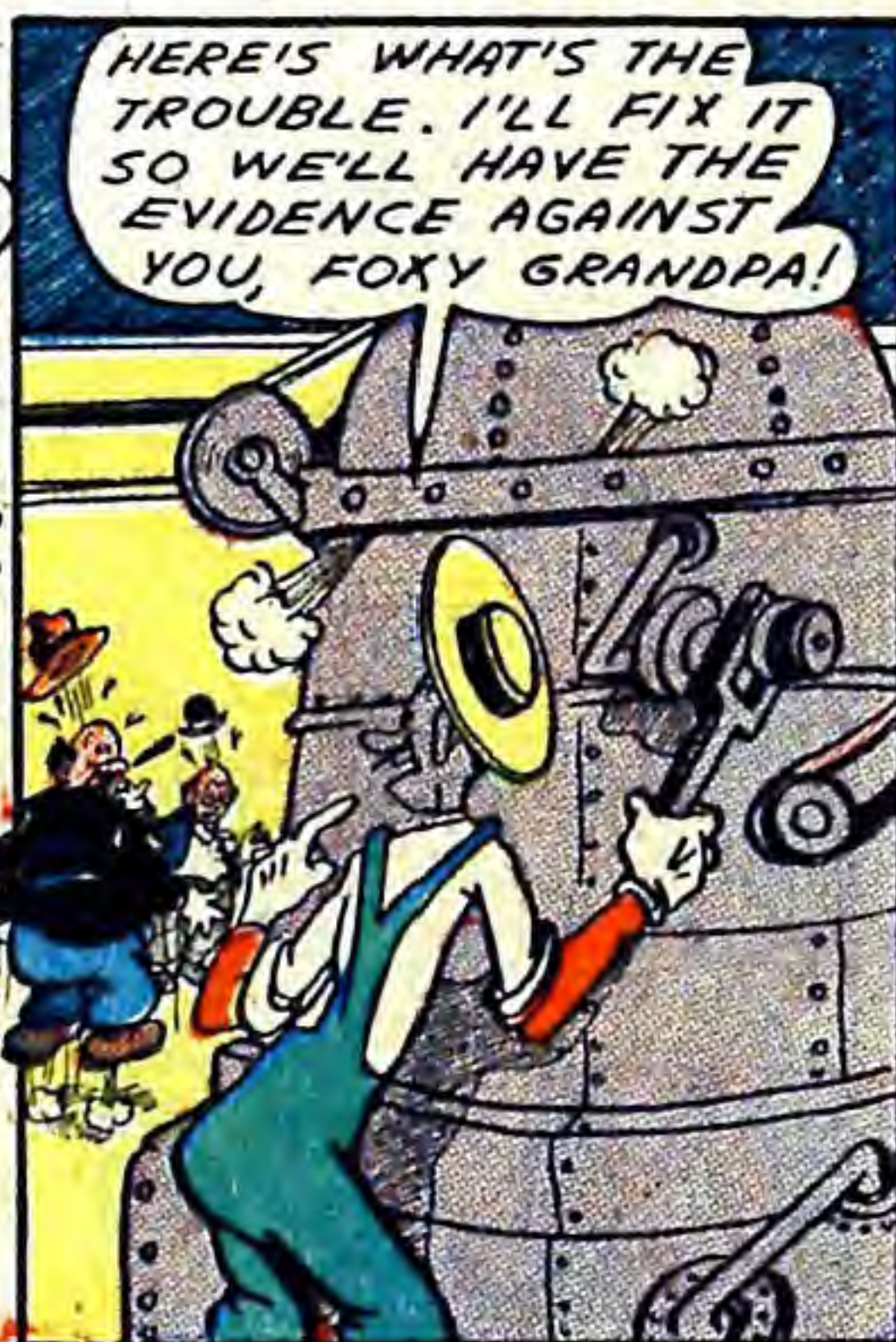
HANDY ANDY



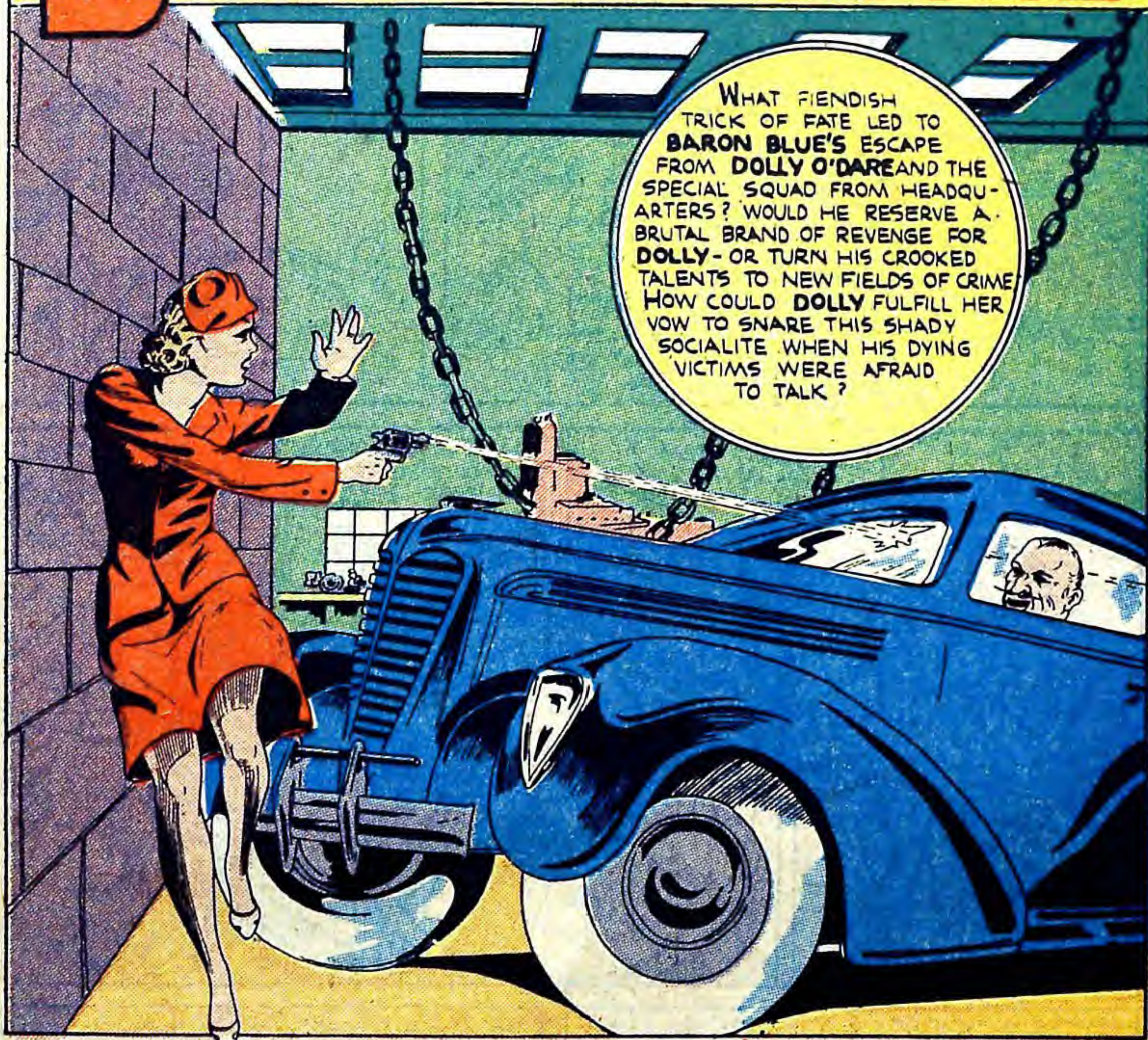








DOLLY O'DARE



WHAT FIENDISH TRICK OF FATE LED TO **BARON BLUE'S** ESCAPE FROM **DOLLY O'DARE** AND THE SPECIAL SQUAD FROM HEADQUARTERS? WOULD HE RESERVE A BRUTAL BRAND OF REVENGE FOR **DOLLY** - OR TURN HIS CROOKED TALENTS TO NEW FIELDS OF CRIME? HOW COULD **DOLLY** FULFILL HER VOW TO SNARE THIS SHADY SOCIALITE WHEN HIS DYING VICTIMS WERE AFRAID TO TALK?



WHEW! ANOTHER CLOSE CALL. WHEN THAT COP REACHES THE CORNER, I'LL DASH OUT AND GRAB A TAXI!



DOLLY O'DARE MUST'VE TIPPED 'EM OFF ABOUT ME. THEY'LL SHOOT TO KILL!



CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, MY GOOD FELLOW! FASTER THE BETTER!



THIS GUY'S IN A AWFUL SWEAT ABOUT SOMETHIN' BUT HE LOOKS TOO HIGH CLASS TO BE A CROOK! I WONDER-?



THE TAXI MAN'S WONDER GIVES WAY TO SUSPICION AFTER HE SEES THE EVENING HEADLINES!

POLICEWOMEN O'DARE? DOWN THE HALL, TURN LEFT, THIRD DOOR HEY! WHAT'S YOUR RUSH, BUD?



TOUGHEST BREAK I EVER HAD!



BARON SLIPS DRAGNET AFTER DOUBLE MURDER
LADY COP NABS GUN MOLL AS KILLER FEIGNS DEATH!



MISS O'DARE I THINK I KNOW WHERE THE BARON'S HIDING!

HUH? OH, STEVE! BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE? NO ONE'S EVER GOT A PHOTO OF HIM!



BUT THE SLICK GENT I DROPPED AT RIVIERA TOWERS WAS IN A SWEAT WHEN HE GRABBED MY CAB ON NINTH STREET!

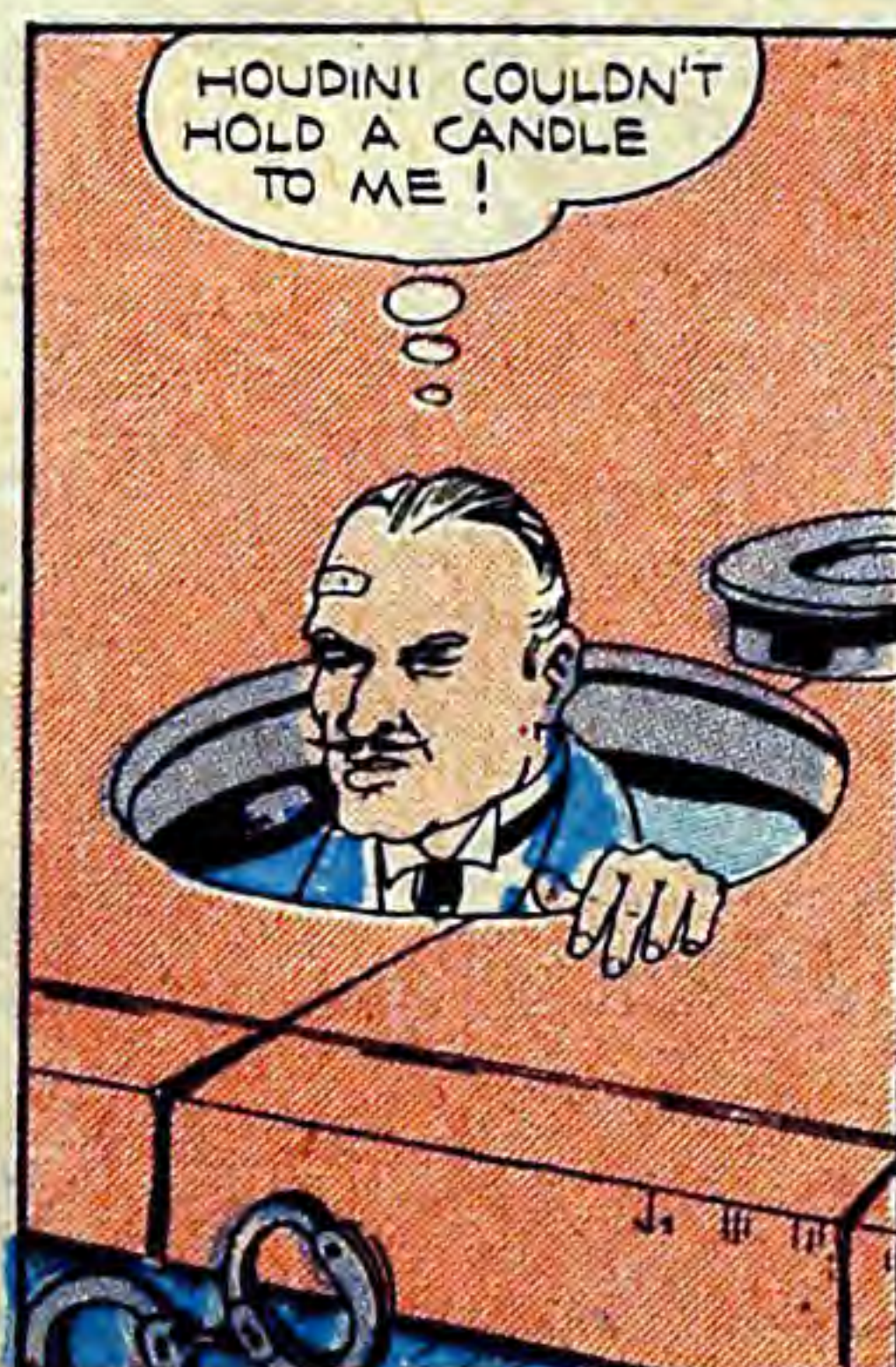
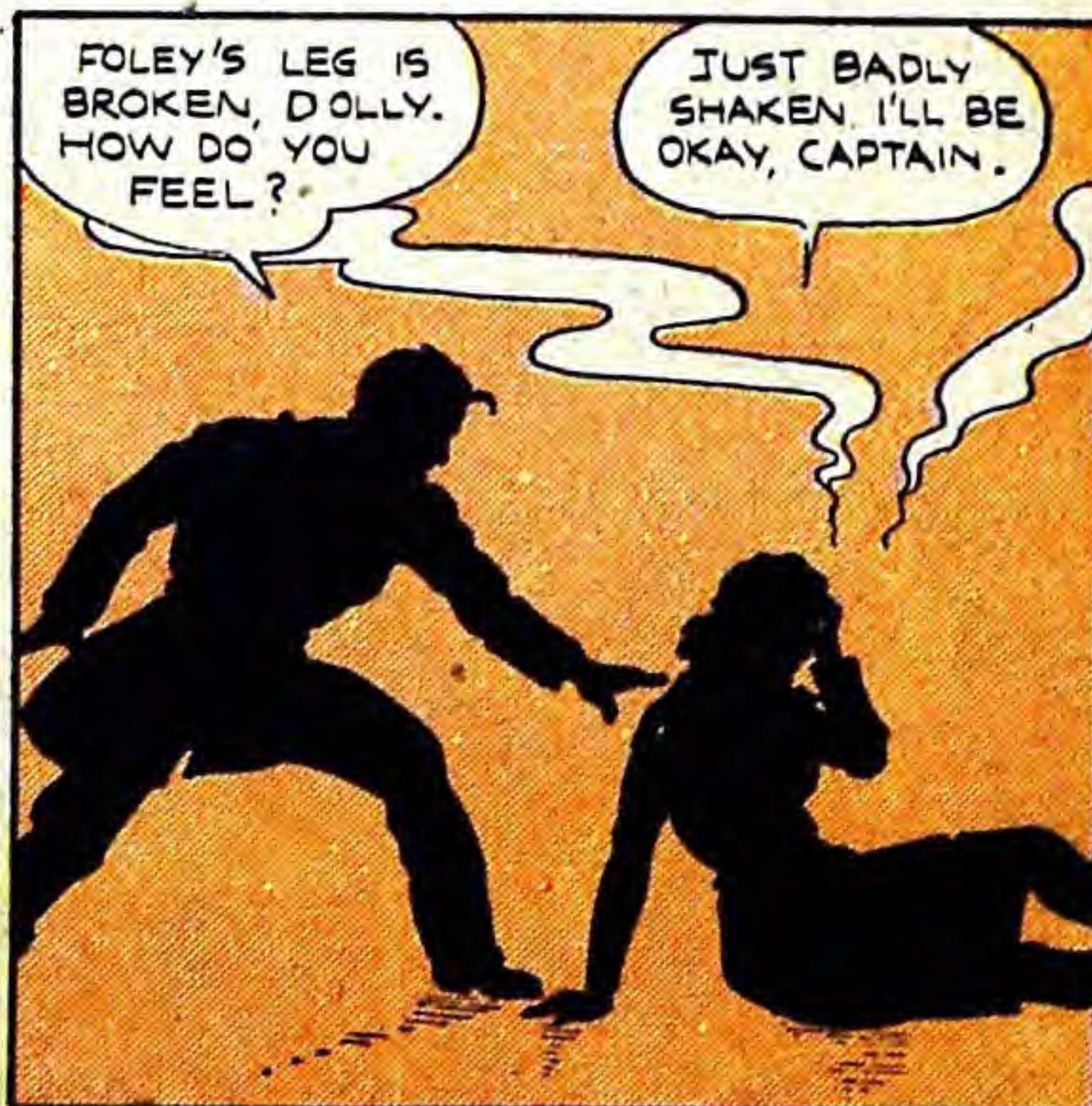
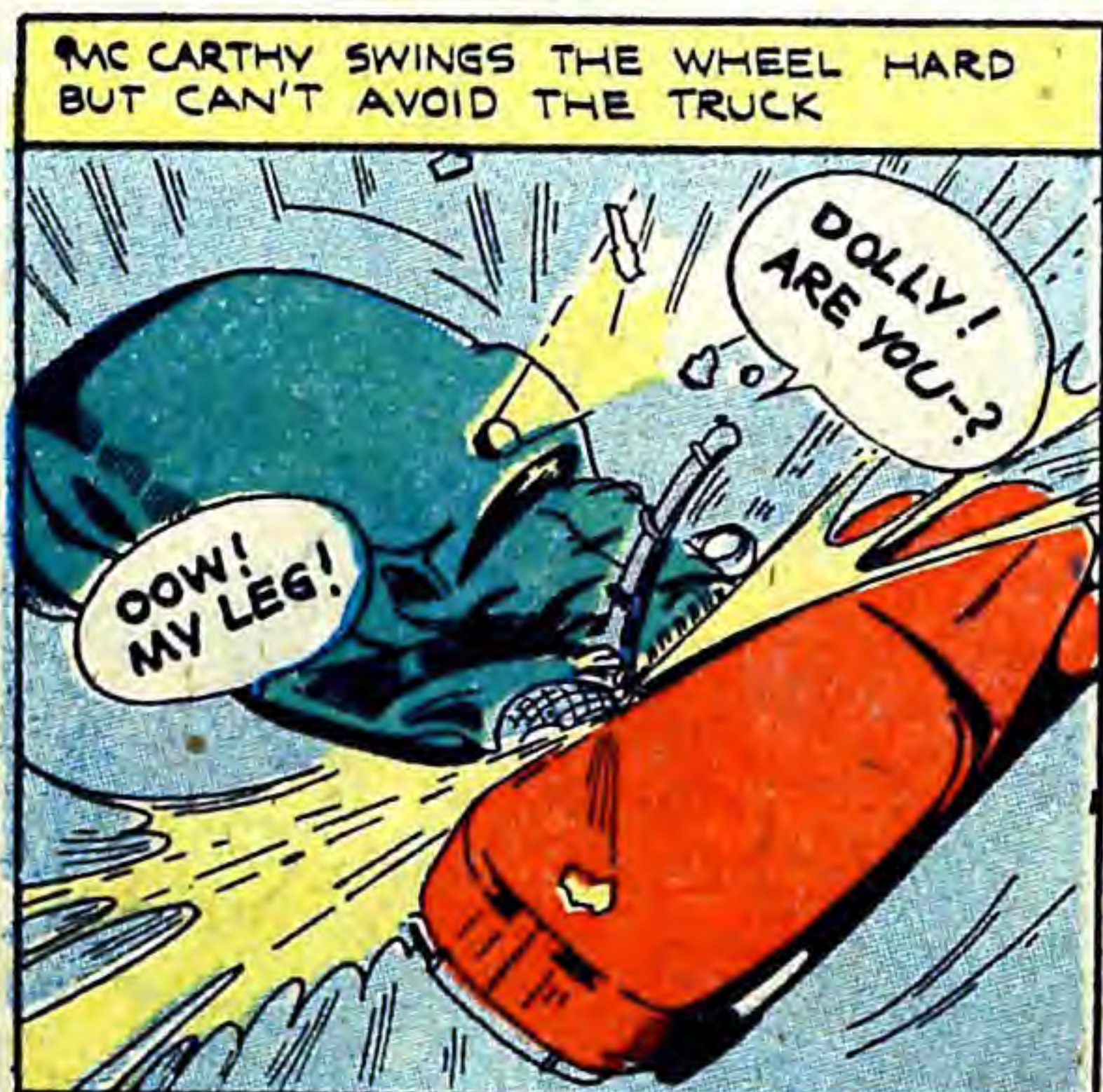
JEEPERS! HE ESCAPED FROM US IN A HOUSE ON EIGHTH! GIVE ME A LIFT TO THE RIVIERA, QUICK, STEVE!



THE ETHER ALMOST FLOODED ME, HELENE TAKING THE COAT I'D STOLEN MIGHT'VE FOULED MY PLANS.

BUT-YOU PROMISED ME THAT PLATINUM MINK!

AS THE SUPER SLEUTH SPEEDS TO RIVIERA TOWERS, HER QUARRY IS SPIKING A COCKTAIL ON THE 16TH FLOOR...



STARRING

Corporal GRANT

CORPORAL GRANT, THE AMERICAN ADVENTURER IN THE BRITISH ARMY, PULLS A ONE MAN COUNTER "BLITZ" INVADING THE SHORES OF OCCUPIED FRANCE TO SMASH A NAZI BIG BERTHA



WHAT'S HAPPENING?

JUST BIG BERTHA BLOWING OFF FROM ACROSS THE CHANNEL. NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT, GRANT.

I WANT SLEEP, AND I AIMS TO GET IT EVEN IF I'VE GOT TO CROSS THE CHANNEL AND QUIET THEM MYSELF... AND I WILL.

SOON THE AMERICANIS OFF ON HIS ADVENTURE.

AHHH! A BOAT!

THE GERMAN'S BIG BERTHAS DISRUPT THE QUIET NIGHT OF A BRITISH TRAINING CAMP ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF LONDON.

GOSH, WHAT A MAN WOULDN'T DO FOR A LITTLE SLEEP!

BOY, HAVE I GOT AN IDEA!

JUMPING BUTTER BALLS, A SUB HEADING BACK TO GERMANY!

YIPPEEE... I LASSED A SUB!

THAT WAS QUICK WORK. HMMM... THAT GUARD OVER THERE, I THINK I CAN USE HIM!

ANOTHER INVASION! HANS, FRITZ, TO ARMS, QUICK!

HEY, THERE!

NOW FOR A FREE RIDE TO THE FRENCH COAST!

LATER ON THE FRENCH COAST.



QUICK, WE'LL CRUSH THE INVASION IN THE BUD, AND BE REWARDED BY OUR LEADER.

HECK, I ONLY WANTED ONE SUIT, OH WELL.



YAAAAUGH!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO CRUSH?



SO THIS IS THE BLITZ, SOLDIERS?



WELL, THEY LOOK MORE LIKE CHEESE BLINTZES TO ME.

NOW THAT'S WHAT I'D CALL A REAL DEMOCRATIC DISTRIBUTION.



BRRRR, WE WILL ALL FREEZE!

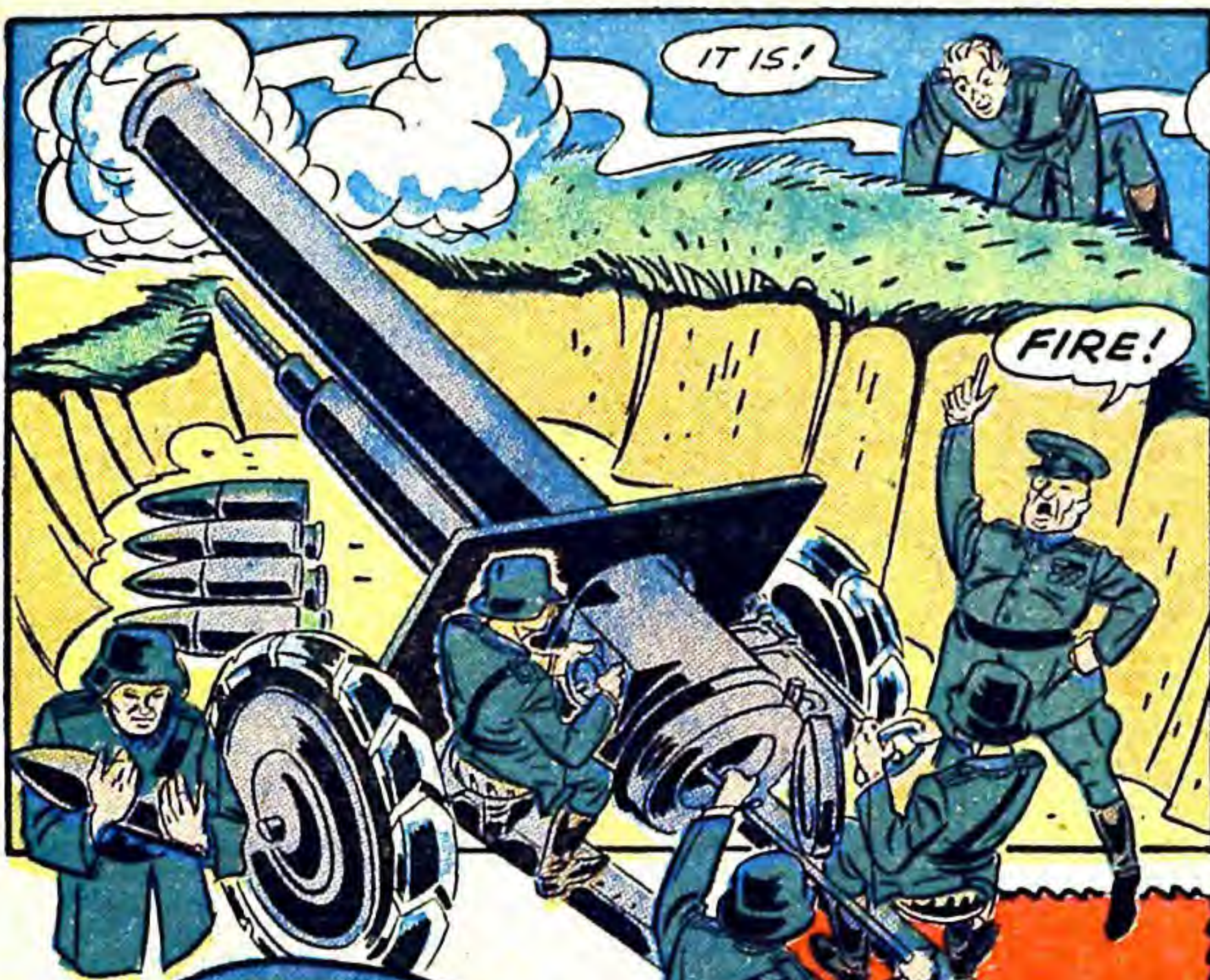


BOOM

NOW TO FIND THAT "BIG BERTHA" GUN... GLORY, WHAT TH--?



I WONDER IF...



IT IS!

FIRE!

HEY, YOU MUGGS, STOP THAT! YOU'VE BEEN KEEPING ME AWAKE.

LOOK-- ON THE HILL!

WHO SAID THAT?



HIMMEL
A BRITISH SPY.
GO UP AND GET
HIM!

I'M GOING
DOWN AFTER
THEM!



THIS IS MORE
LIKE IT.



GREETINGS,
PUNK!



MISSED!



THIS ENDS
YOUR BLITZ.



HERE'S WHERE
CORPORAL GRANT
BLITZES THE BIG
BERTHA TO BITS!



RAY, FOR GRANT--
HE DID IT AGAIN!
WHOOOPS--LOOK AT
THAT BLOW
OUT!



.. SUDDENLY OVERHEAD ..



TWO LONE R.A.F. SCOUTS.

I SAY, DID YOU
SEE THAT BIG
BERTHA GO UP?
WONDER WHO
DID IT?

SEEMS TO ME
THAT RATZI
DOWN THERE'S
TO ANXIOUS TO
GO SOMEWHERE--
MUST HAVE SABOT-
AGED THE LEADER!



CHEERIO,
OLD CHAP, YOU'RE
GOING FOR A RIDE!



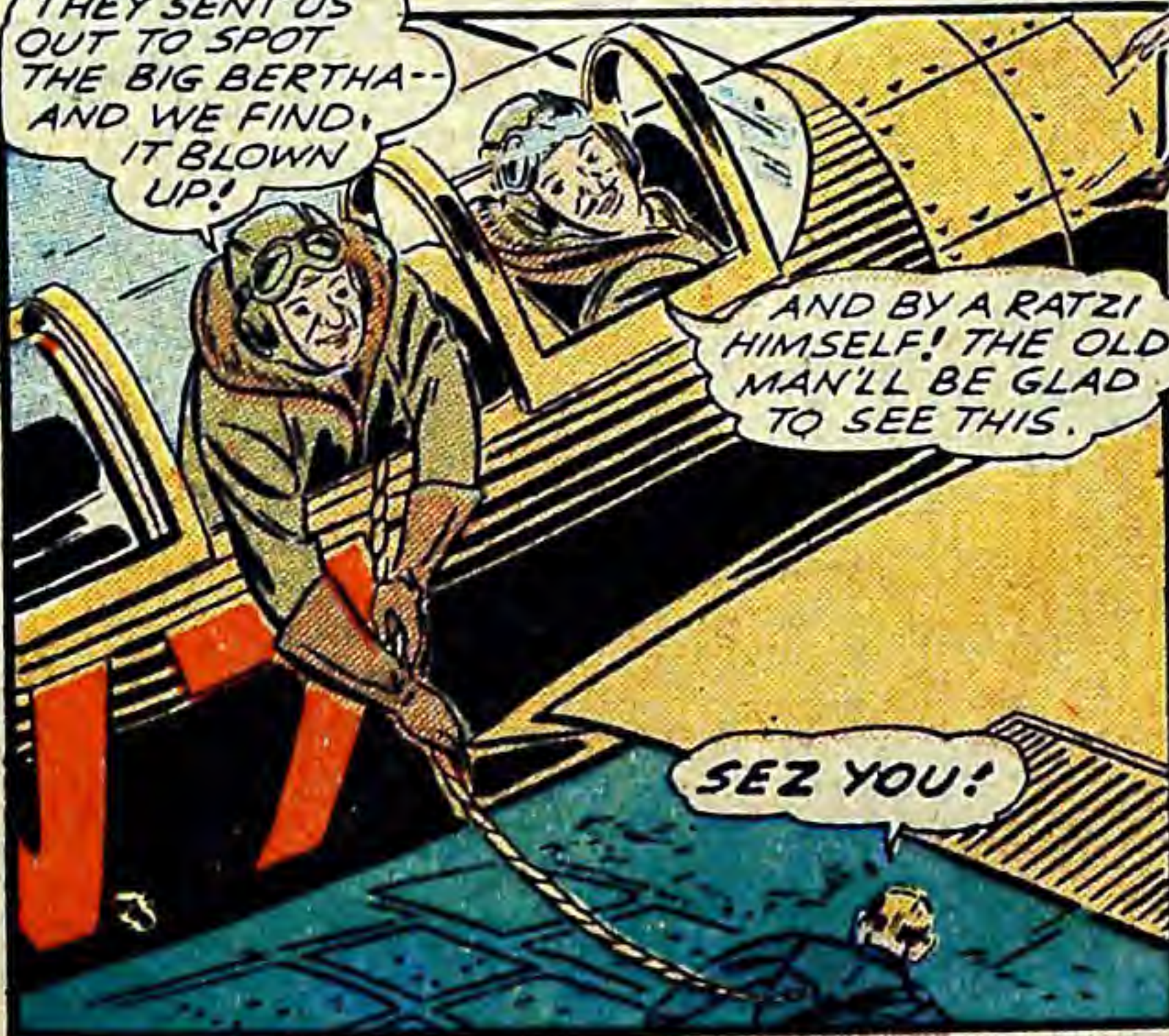
WHAT
THE...

HEY, WHAT THE--
IT'S THE BLOOMIN'
YANK FROM OUR
STATION!

THEY SENT US
OUT TO SPOT
THE BIG BERTHA--
AND WE FIND
IT BLOWN
UP!

AND BY A RATZI
HIMSELF! THE OLD
MAN'LL BE GLAD
TO SEE THIS.

SEZ YOU!



SPEAK UP,
OLD MAN-- HOW
THE, AND WHAT
THE--

COULDN'T
SLEEP ON
ACCOUNT OF
THE NOISE---
SO I PUT A STOP
TO IT! HOME,
JAMES!



Capt'n

COURAGE

A JOLLY ROGER FLYING FROM THE PORTHOLE OF A GALLEON SENDS THE BURLY SKIPPER, CAPTAIN COURAGE, INTO A DEATH DEFYING STRUGGLE WITH A GANG OF BLOODTHIRSTY CUT-THROATS.

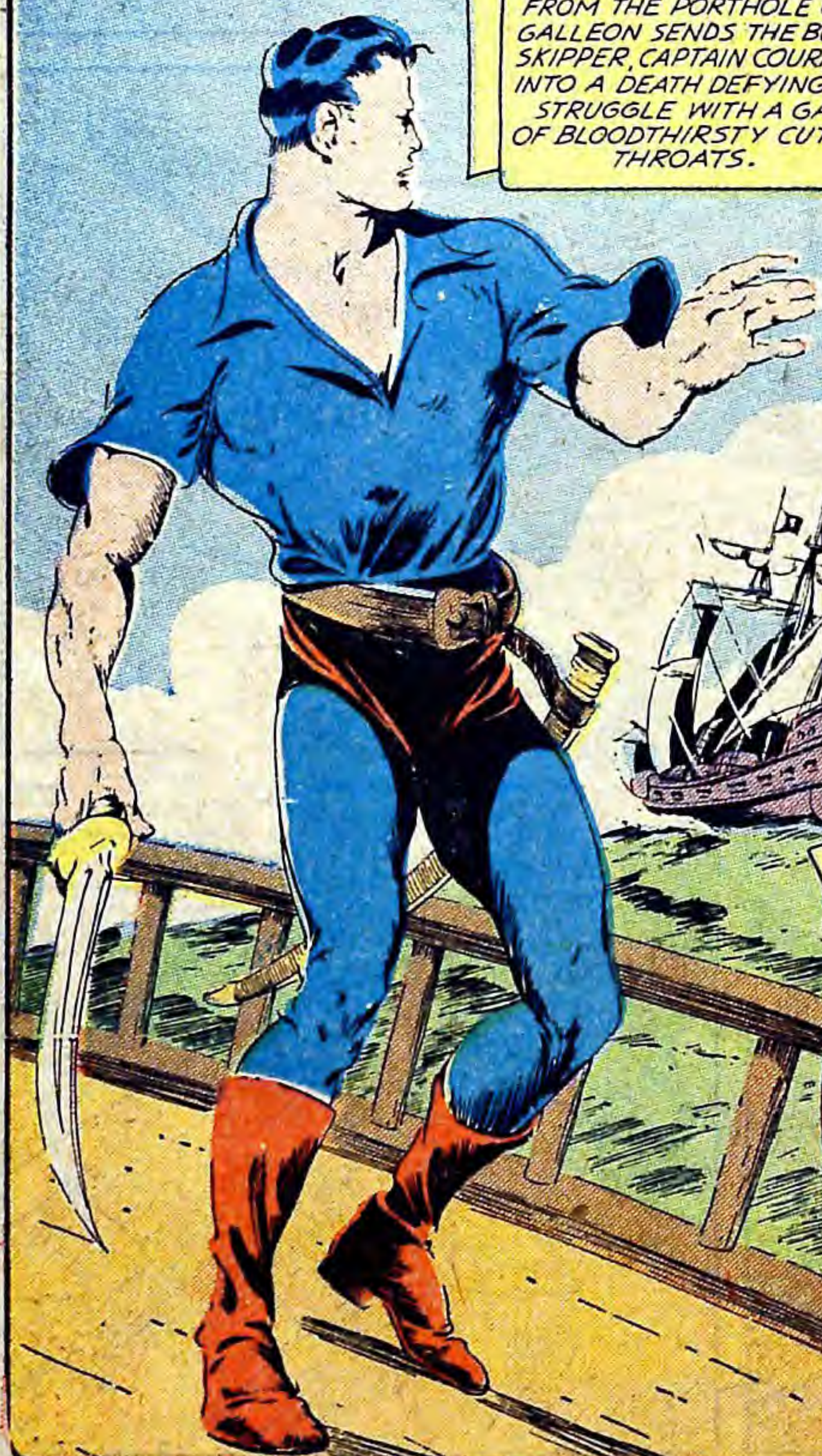
UNDER FULL SAIL, THE FRIGATE COMBS THE SEA OF LOST SHIPS...

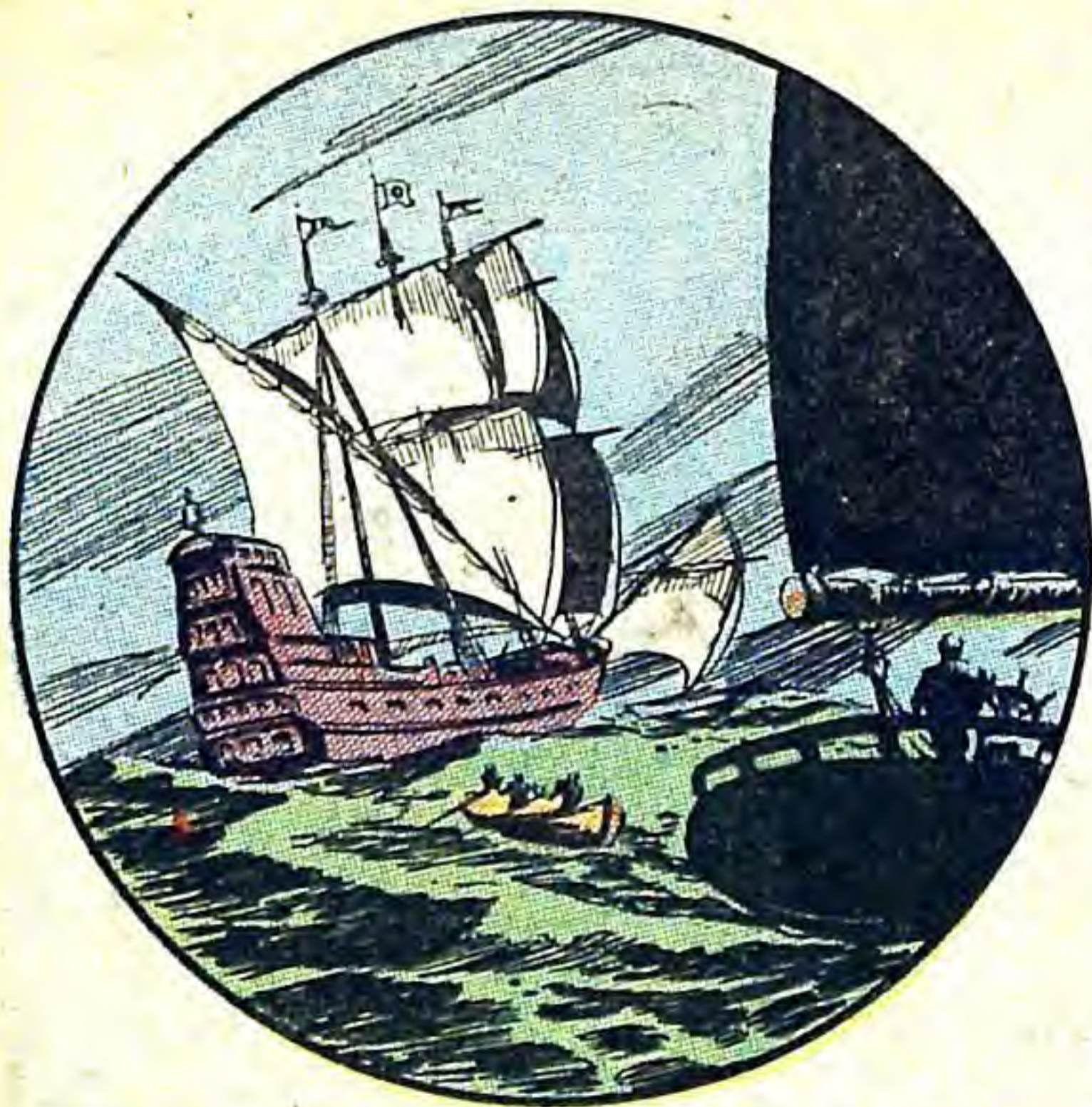


ON DECK THE BURLY CAPTAIN COURAGE AND HIS MATE, "BULL", KEEP AN ALERT WATCH.

WHAT'S IT, CAP?

WE'LL SOON KNOW, BULL!





IN ONE OF THE WINDOWS OF THE GALLEON, CAPT. COURAGE SEES...



AYE CAP, ME THINKS YOU'RE RIGHT. SOMEONE'S TRY TO TELL US THE GALLEON'S THE PIRATE CRAFT IN DISGUISE.

WE'LL PULL UP CLOSE AND FIND OUT THE MEANING OF THE WENCH'S SIGNAL!



BUT AS THE COMMAND IS ISSUED, DARK STORM CLOUDS MOVE INTO VIEW.

ALL HANDS ON DECK... READY FOR ACTION!



WE'LL RUN BEFORE IT, BULL. THIS CAN'T LAST. WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON ABOARD THE GALLEON!



STAND BY, THE WEATHER BRACES!



DESPITE THE POWERFUL LASHING OF THE WAVES, CAPTAIN COURAGE GUIDES THE SHIP SKILLFULLY.

SHE'S A MEAN ONE, CAP! LOOK AT THEM COMBERS!

AYE, MATE, BUT WE'LL BEAT HER!



INCREASINGLY VIOLENT GROW THE ELEMENTS...



THE MAIN MAST'S BEEN HIT!

OUT OF THE WAY... SHE'S FALLING!



ALL HANDS ARE SAFE, CAP!

GOOD FOR THAT! WE'LL HAVE TO RIDE IT OUT UNTIL THE STORM STOPS, AND JURY RIG THEM!



CAP, CAP... OVER 'ERE, HURRY!



THE GALLEON, CAP!

AYE, SHE'LL PASS US, WE CAN'T CATCH UP WITH 'ER WITH A BROKEN MAST!



I'M GOING TO BOARD THE GALLEON. I'LL TRY AND SLOW HER DOWN, BY THAT TIME YOU AND THE MEN MAY HAVE STEPPED THE JURY-MAST.

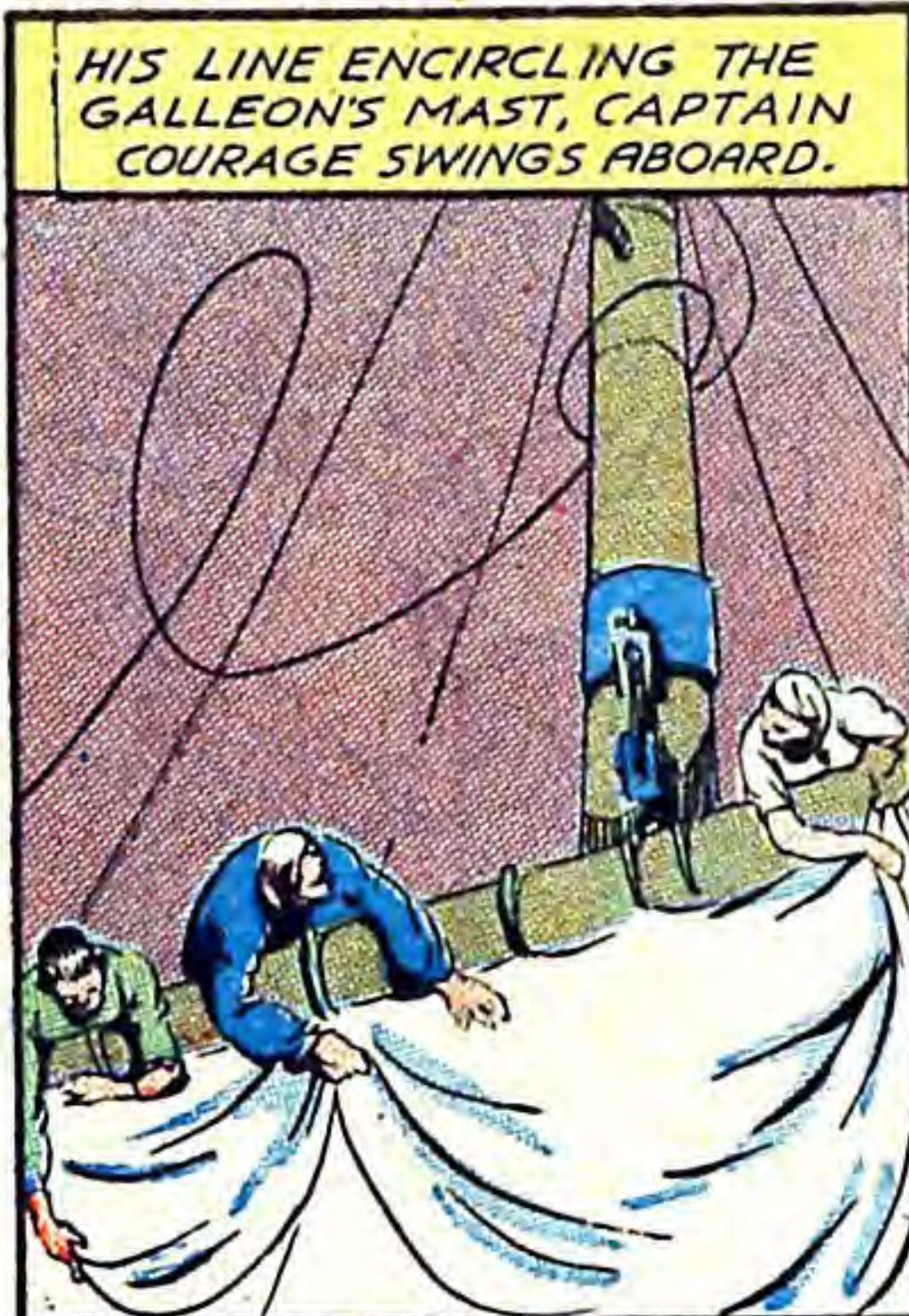
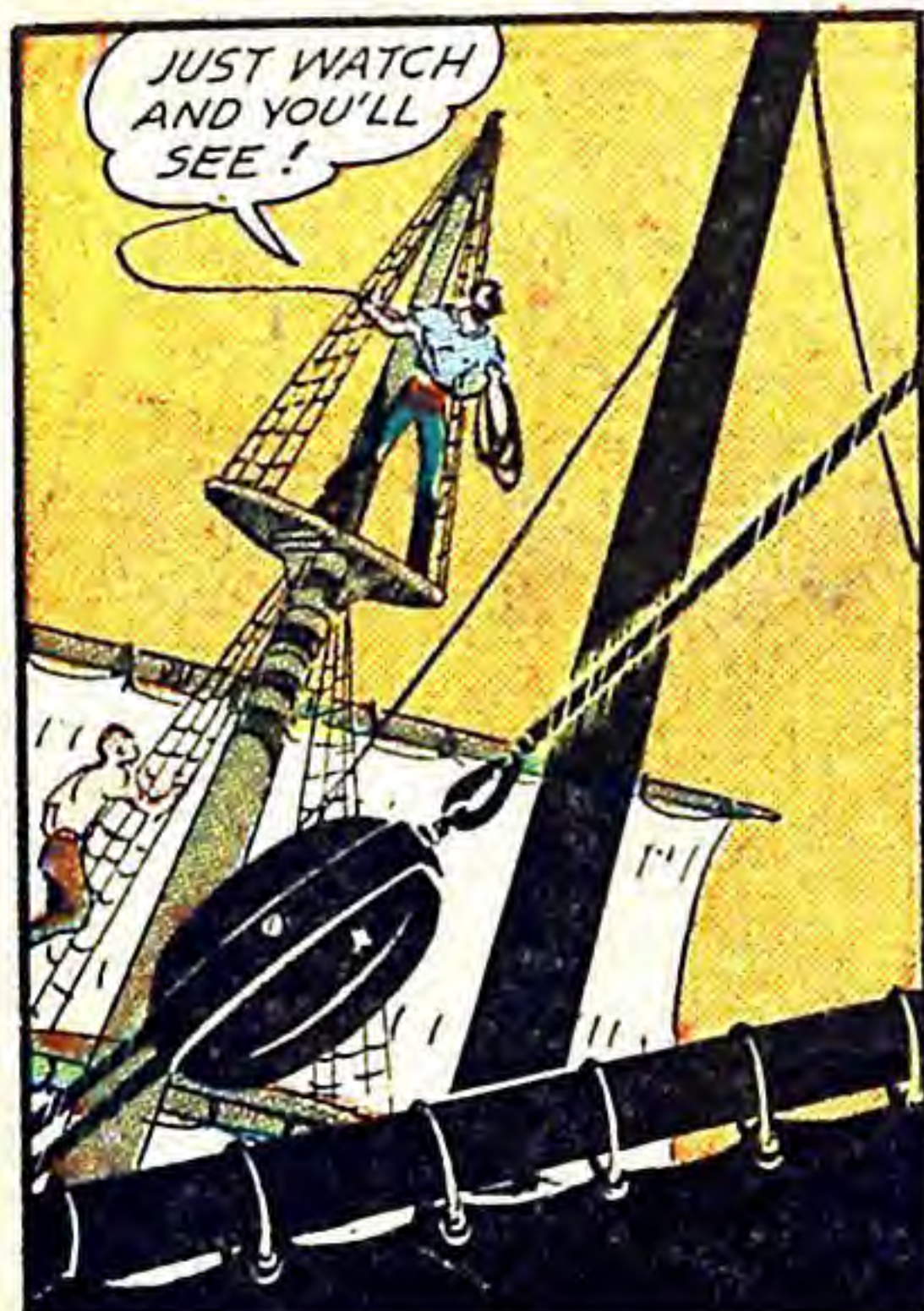
A GOOD IDEA IF SHE WORKS... BUT HOW'RE YOU GOING TO GET ON?



YOU DON'T THINK YOU CAN STOP THE GALLEON WITH THAT ROPE, SIR!

NO, ME LAD, BUT I'VE GOT IDEAS!







BUT UNDAUNTED, THE BURLY SKIPPER BRACES FOR BATTLE.

COME, YE SLIMY BLIGHTERS, AND FEEL THE WRATH OF CAPTAIN COURAGE.



COURAGE... YOU'RE NAME'LL BE MUD!

NOT UNLESS I SAY IT BE THAT!



THIS'LL DO IT, ME PRETTY PEACOCK!



YOU GOT ME! OOOHHHH!

AYE, ME RAT FACED FRIEND!



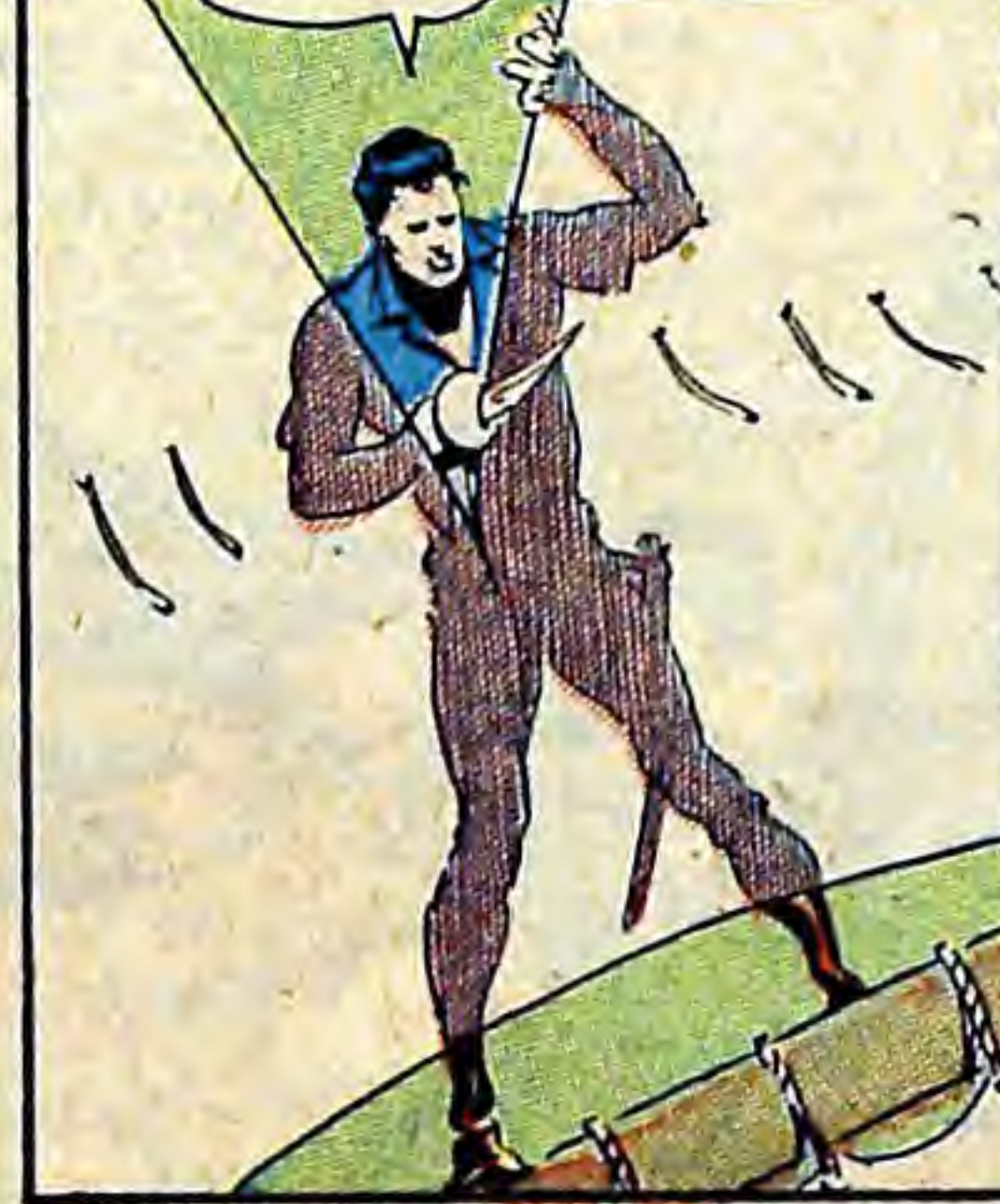
AND NOW YOU, OFFSPRING OF A TOAD!



MY SHIP'S IN THE DISTANCE. I'VE GOT TO SLOW THIS THING DOWN!



I'LL SPLIT THE MAIN-SAILS. THAT'LL HOLD THE SCURVY DOGS!

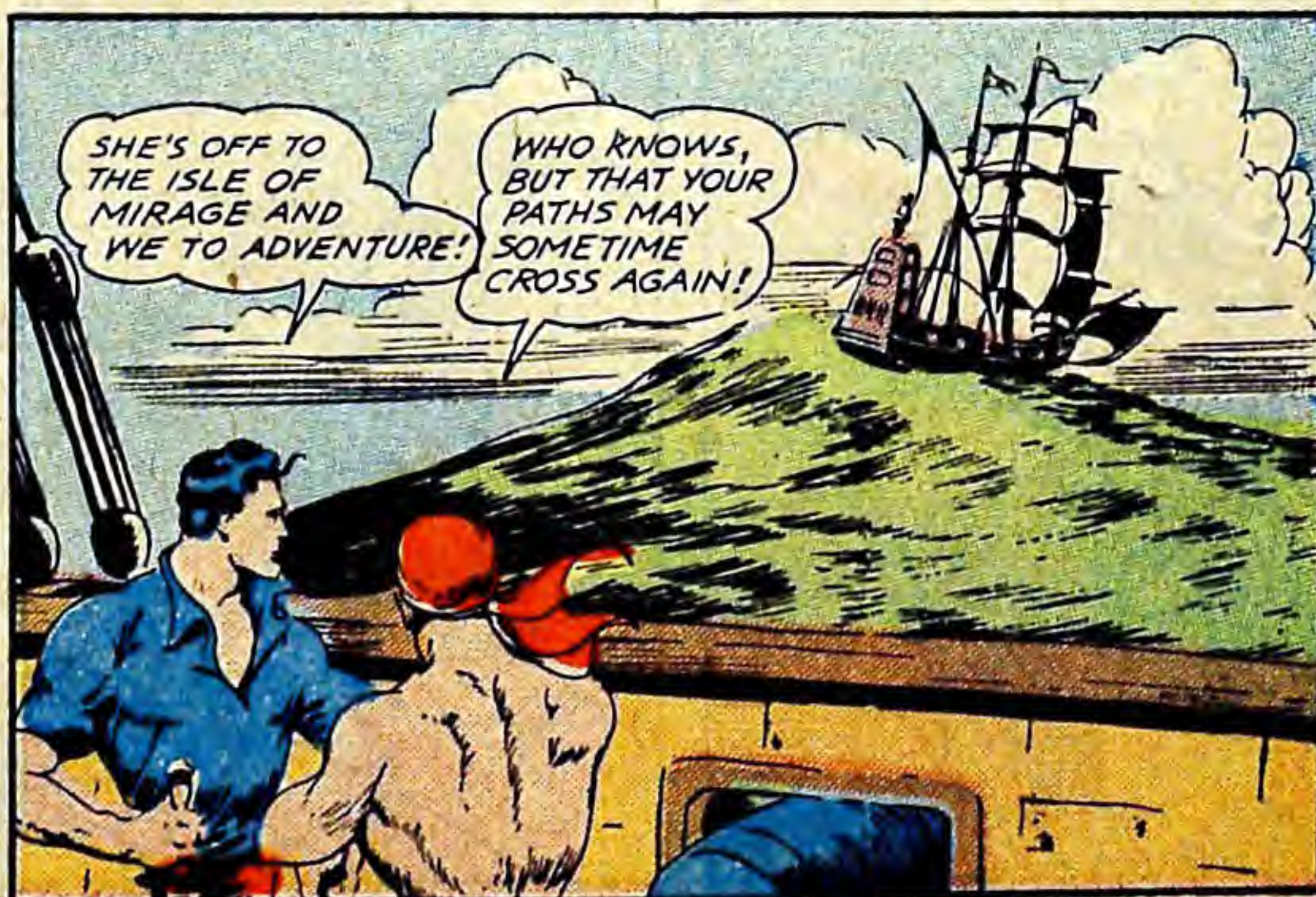


LOOK, HE'S SPLIT THE OTHER ONE!

HE CAN'T BE STOPPED, CAP. YOU'VE MET YOUR MATCH!

SCUTTLE YOUR TONGUE, YOU SCUPPER DREGS. WATCH ME STOP THAT FIG!





FOUL FRAME-UP

A Killer Should Use His Head, Not Lose It.

As Ed Hall worked the levers of the power shovel, he heard Dan Jackson shouting to Old Man Graham, president of the Graham Excavating Corporation.

Dan Jackson lifted his voice once more. "Well, I'm hiring him back, anyway."

"Go easy," the big boss warned. "Lloyd is sore at the world. At you in particular because you didn't have to go. You were making big money while he sweat blood in a fox hole."

"I might feel the way he does," Dan yelled. "He'll come around after a while."

Hall pulled the whistle rope, warning the men in the pit to get out of the way of the big shovel. "Gettin' fat," he muttered to himself. "Who's gettin' fat here? But it's a job and I suppose that means I'm going to get the gate."

The next day, Dan Jackson told Hall: "Lloyd Stephens will be here this afternoon for a while. Do all you can to help him break in again. You know Lloyd, don't you?"

"Yeah," said Hall. "I knew him just before he went into the army. He broke me in."

The afternoon wore on and Hall kept his eye on the road, looking for Jackson's car. Finally he saw it coming toward the excavation. Hall turned off his engine and jumped to the ground.

Dan Jackson got out of the car and came over. "Act like a good guy, Hall," he said. "Lloyd's been through a lot."

"This means I'm through?" Hall asked pointedly.

Jackson sneered. "You and I are just lucky, Hall. I hadn't thought of firing you, but I'm not so sure that I want you around."

Hall shouted. "You call working on this job a piece of luck?"

"Shut up," Jackson snapped. "Now come over and say howdy to Lloyd or get out!" Dan Jackson had steered Hall away from Lloyd Stephens' direction. They were around the corner of the tool house.

Hall eyed Jackson a full moment. His face flushed up to his hair line. He shot out a right and caught the superintendent in the jaw.

"Yeah," he growled. "I'll get out and I'll take you along when I go."

Jackson came in fast, but Hall had lifted a rock and bashed it on Jackson's head. Jackson sank to the ground and Hall raised the rock again and again. Jackson lay still. Hall looked furtively about him. No one was near. He glanced over the edge of the pit. No one was there.

He lifted Jackson's body into the air and hurled it over the edge of the bank. He stood glaring down, beginning to realize his folly. Furtively he peered around the edge of the tool house. Lloyd Stephens sat like a stone image in Jackson's car. Hall turned to run.

Hall barged in on Graham. "Mr. Graham!" he shouted. "Lloyd Stephens has murdered Dan Jackson!"

Graham rose from his chair. "I told Jackson that Lloyd was sour on him. How did it happen?"

"I was coming over to meet them," Hall said. "Lloyd and Jackson were standing by the edge of the pit. Suddenly Lloyd picked up a rock and bashed it down on Dan's skull!"

Graham stood uncertainly, watching Hall. He reached for the phone. "Police headquarters," he said to the operator.

Sergeant Darnell came into the office and said: "Let's go out to the scene."

"He walked back to his car," said Hall, "as if nothing had happened. When I came over here he was still sitting there."

As they approached Jackson's car Stephens was still there. "Look at him," gasped Hall. "You wouldn't think there was anything wrong!"

"Maybe he doesn't realize there is," Graham said.

"Hello, Lloyd," Darnell said. He opened the car door, threw back the blanket that was over Stephens' lap.

Hall screamed and began running across the lot. Sergeant Darnell drew his revolver, took steady aim and fired. The bullet struck Hall's leg, tripping him.

When the others approached he was sobbing.

Darnell looked down at him. "Too bad Dan Jackson didn't tell you that Lloyd Stephens lost a leg at Caen," he said. "It would have saved Jackson's life—and yours!"

DOLLY O'DARE

THE CARDS ARE STACKED AGAINST DOLLY O'DARE IN A GRIM GAME OF DEATH WITH THAT SHEIK OF NOBILITY—THE POLISHED BUT POISONOUS BARON BLUE! HOW CAN THE SUPER SLEUTH POLICEWOMAN MATCH THE CRAFTY KNAVE'S CRUEL WITS? YES, DOLLY IS COMPLETELY BAFFLED BY THE BARON'S BOLD BRIGANDRY UNTIL THEIR RENDEZVOUS IN THE CASTLE OF THE TALKING CORPSE!



POLICEWOMAN O'DARE, WILL YOU SIGN FOR THIS?

UH, YES. WHO COULD HAVE SENT ME FLOWERS?

ROSES! WHY, THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL. BUT W-WHAT? FROM BARON BLUE!





DON'T TOUCH THEM, DOLLY! I JUST HAPPENED TO THINK OF SOMETHING WHEN I SAW THE BOY LEAVE.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, CAPTAIN MC CARTHY?



THE BARON SENT THEM, DIDN'T HE? A VERY CLEVER WAY TO KILL YOU, DOLLY!

OH - I GET IT. HE DIPPED THE THORNS IN POISON. LET'S TAKE IT TO THE LAB.



WHAT DID THE TEST SHOW, JOE?

CURARE! THE STUFF SAVAGES TIP ARROWS WITH. LUCKY YOU DIDN'T GET SCRATCHED BY A THORN, MISS O'DARE.



WAIT, DOLLY! DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD. WHERE'RE YOU GOING?

TO THE FLORIST SHOP. THE BARON IS ASKING FOR TROUBLE AND HE'S GOING TO GET IT!



MEANWHILE AT THE CLUB "400"

BUT BARON, DARLING - WEREN'T THOSE LOVELY ROSES FOR ME?

DEFINITELY NOT, MY DEAR YVETTE! THEY WERE FOR A CHARMING LADY WHO DIED VERY SUDDENLY.



NEVER MIND WHO'S CALLING! LEMME SPEAK TO DOLLY O'DARE OR TELL ME WHERE I CAN REACH HER. YEAH - VERY IMPORTANT!



SO - HE BROUGHT THE ROSES BACK AN HOUR LATER, ASKING YOU TO DELIVER THEM.

ER, YES, SOMEONE WANTS YOU ON THE PHONE.







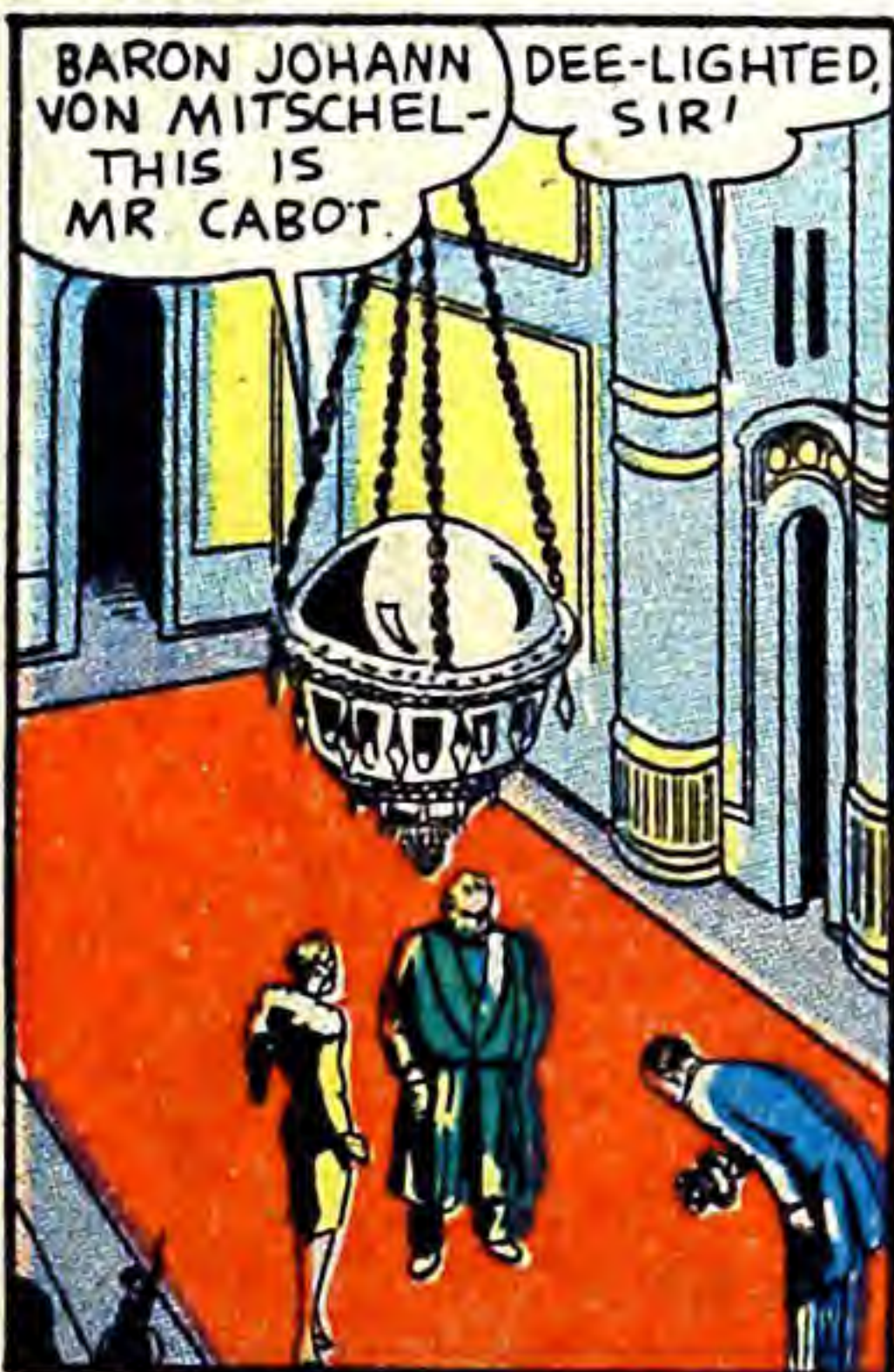
THAT VICIOUS WOMAN
TRIED TO ASSASSINATE
YOU, DARLING. WHO
WAS SHE?

A BOLSHIEVİK AGENT
FROM MY HOMELAND.
PERHAPS YOUR EMPLOYER
WOULD OFFER ME SHELTER
FROM MY SCHEMING
ENEMIES



MR CABOT WILL
BE THRILLED TO
MEET YOU,
BARON!

HMM! COZY
LITTLE COTTAGE,
EH, WHAT?



BARON JOHANN
VON MITSCHEL-
THIS IS
MR CABOT.

DEE-LIGHTED,
SIR!



WITHIN FIFTEEN MINUTES
THE SUPER SLEUTH CLOSES
IN DARINGLY.

THAT'S THE
CAR! THE
BABE MUST
BE CABOT'S
SECRETARY.

AND BARON
BLUE HOOKED
HER FOR A GRIM
AND GREEDY
REASON.



AN EXTRAORDINARY
COLLECTION OF
WEAPONS, SIR.
FINE OLD
GUNNING PIECE,
THIS!

ER, WATCH
OUT, BARON!
IT'S LOADED!

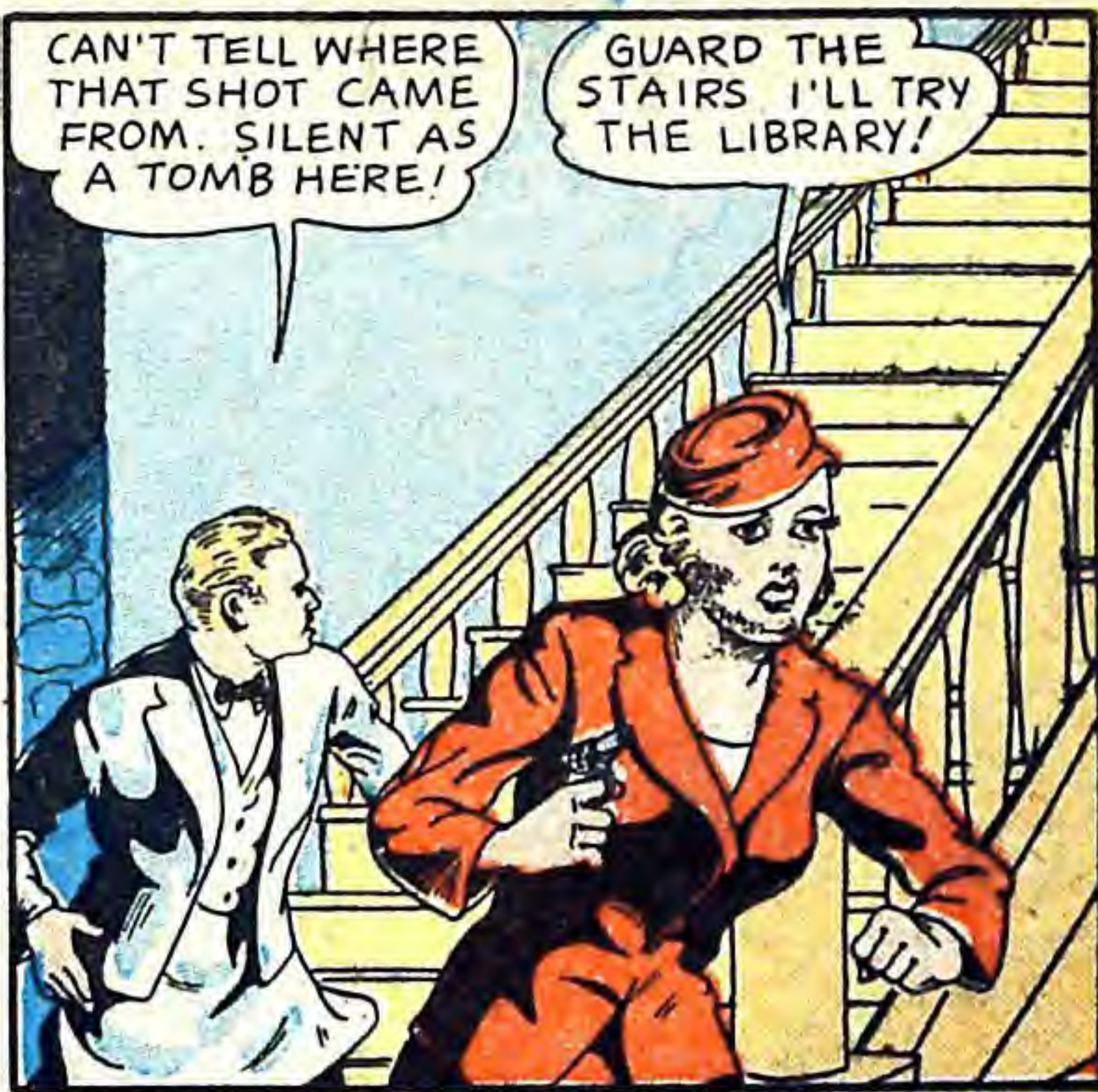


REALLY? HOW VERY
CONVENIENT,
MY DEAR SIR!



YOU - YOU SHOT
HIM DELIBERATELY!

OH, YES - QUITE! AND
UNLESS YOU OPEN
HIS SAFE, THERE'LL
BE A DOUBLE
FUNERAL!







SEE
DISTANT
SIGHTS!



BEACHES



SEA AND SKY



3
LARGE
PRECISION-
GROUND,
OPTICAL
LENSES

THIS GIANT, 30-MILE-RANGE, 4-FOOT SUPER-TELESCOPE

with
SUPER-POWER

**NOW—SEE GREAT OR
SHORT DISTANCES—with
CLOSE-UP DETAIL!**

FREE CARRYING CASE
WITH YOUR ORDER

The GIANT SUPER-TELESCOPE has three precision-ground highly polished lenses. It extends to 4 feet in length, giving clear focus. It is light in weight, sturdily and handsomely constructed, with a wide magnification field. You don't have to know anything about telescopes to use it. Simply hold it to your eye, extend the triple barrel, and all the wonders of scientific vision will be close up to your eyes. Folds for easy carrying. Because of mass production economies, we offer this telescope at an unbelievably low price. See birds, ball games, sporting events, ships and planes, in full detail. See people when they cannot see you. See wild life, mountains, the heavens in their full natural beautiful detail. The price of the GIANT SUPER-POWERED TELESCOPE is \$2.98 with this introductory offer. Most telescopes of this lense construction and size sell up to \$15.00. We cannot assure you that the supply will last so you must act fast!

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- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$2.98 plus new C.O.D. and postage charges on arrival. (Same money back guarantee as above)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY & ZONE _____ STATE _____

REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS

OR NO COST

I'D MARRY JIM IF IT WASN'T FOR THOSE FILTHY BLACKHEADS OF HIS

I'LL ASK BOB TO TALK TO HIM RIGHT AWAY

WHY DON'T YOU TRY VACUTEX FOR THOSE BLACKHEADS JIM? IT CERTAINLY HELPED ME

THANKS BOB. IT SOUNDS WORTH TRYING

JIM DARLING, HOW NICE AND CLEAN YOU LOOK!

YOU CAN THANK VACUTEX FOR THAT, HONEY!



AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Inventon. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

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**ONLY
THREE
EASY
STEPS**

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BLACKHEADS**

**USE
VACUTEX**



**THEY'RE
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